The All Round the World War Cry

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The Prisoner of Chillon!

AN INTERVIEW

— WITH —

Captain Stirling.

From the "Pall Mall Gazette," May 1st '89

"So you are going back to Chillon?"

"Certainly. A Salvationist before all things keeps her word." So answered Miss Stirling, the young English girl who to-night will deliver her last address from the platform of Exeter Hall before returning to Switzerland to complete her term of imprisonment. Fifty-three days she has already spent in the prison of Chillon. Forty-seven days she has still to spend there before her time is up. She was released on bail pending an appeal to the Federal Court. That appeal has been heard. The decision has been given. The Federal Court, by a majority of five judges to two, decided that there was no legal ground for their interfering with the extravagant sentence passed by the Vaudois court, and therefore it is necessary for Miss Stirling to go back to jail and serve out the remainder of her sentence.

"But why go back?" say some of her friends, who share the common superstition that there is something so dreadful in a prison as to justify any and every stratagem for escaping jail. "You are at liberty now. You cannot be extradited. Your bail is only forty pounds. Forfeit your bail and never set foot in Switzerland again. You cannot be extradited for the crime of teaching in Sunday School." To all of which remonstrances Miss Stirling replies, with natural and commendable indignation:

"Why do you want me to flinch from my duty? When I was released on bail I promised to return. The sum fixed as bail was only the material sign of my pledged word. "Remember, said my lawyer, when I was released, 'it will be a most dishonorable thing if you avail yourself of your release on bail, pending appeal, to put yourself outside the jurisdiction and evade the rest of the sentence.' Am I not to keep my word? Is a Salvationist to ignore her word of honor? It is impossible. Of course I am going back."

So in middle May, when spring will have fully come on the shores of Lake Leman, Miss Stirling will once more be immured in the famous Swiss dungeon, from which she will be released about midsummer.

Every one has read Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," and most people who have visited Switzerland have seen the white walls of the chateau, which form so conspicuous a landmark at the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar."

Bonnivard in the sixteenth century was imprisoned there for years. Miss Stirling has been sent there for one hundred days. He was clapped into Chillon, and "the damp vault's dayless gloom" by the Duke of Savoy, furious at his defence of Geneva's liberty. She was imprisoned by the local authorities of the canton Vaud for teaching some little children, in the village of Orbe, to sing a hymn. The daughter of an English independent, the descendant of Puritan whose support enabled Oliver the Protector to stay the persecuting fires of Savoy two centuries ago, Miss Stirling is now to be shut up in prison for conscience sake in that same canton of Vaud, whose name revives the memories of those "who kept that truth so pure of old, when all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones."

"How did it come about?" we asked Miss Stirling, who came to say good-bye before leaving England for Chillon.

"What came about?" she said, simply.

"The whole thing. How did you come to be in Switzerland at all? Why did you join the Salvation Army?"

"I joined the Army because of its reality. I am of Scotch descent. My mother is Presbyterian, my father Congregationalist. The ordinary services never impressed me. But one week night, going from mere curiosity into the barracks of the Army in Obelisnham, I found myself in the presence of some workmen who were holding a prayer meeting. These men were talking to God. He was real to them, as a great, true Friend. After their day's toil and the burden of their labor, they came there to pour out their souls to Him, and found manifest relief and joy. It was so simple, so real, so touching, as to have irresistible fascination for me. I did not hesitate long, but joined the Army, and shortly afterwards came up to London to be trained for active service at Clapton."

"And then?"

"Then I went to Liverpool as Cadet, and spent six months at the depot, working in the slums. We got knocked about by the roughs now and then, but we made our way. One of our duties was nursing the sick, and doing service in all kinds of ways to the suffering and the poor. Then, as I had learnt French at School, it was thought that I might be useful on the Continent, and I was sent off to Switzerland."

"Could you speak French?"

"As boarding-school girls speak it. I knew the verbs 'to have' and 'to be'; but I could not tell the cabman where to take me when I got out of the train. In two months, however, what with singing, and constant attendance at the French services, I had acquired sufficient proficiency to be able to take a meeting, and after that all was easy."

"Where were you stationed?"

"First in France, and then in the French-speaking Protestant cantons of Vaud and Neuchatel. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Swiss peasants. In the towns the Swiss often are hostile. In the country they are, with rare exceptions, kindness itself. Their zeal and the eager interest which they take in our services is almost beyond belief. Men and women will sometimes walk eight and more miles to our meeting, and once there they seem as if they never tire. Even roughs who are not in the least saved will come night after night, bringing a nail to hammer into the wall on which to hang their hats. Sometimes, of course, there is opposition. Stones are flung and blows are struck; but we go ahead. Sometimes the worst of our opponents are converted, and become officers themselves. We have over two hundred officers now in France and Switzerland who were raised up in this way out of the ranks of those who were either hostile or indifferent."

"Now tell me how you came to be locked up?"

"It is a very simple story. We were holding services in the village of Orbe, in an old hen-house, a place without windows, but where we had some blessed meetings. Children came with them, and liking the singing came back after school hours on Saturday afternoons. One Saturday there was a small group of tiny little boys and girls, the eldest of them not more than ten, who came to the Hallelujah Hen-house, as it was called, and asked to be allowed to come in. It was wet, and they clustered under a large umbrella. I objected at first, and asked them if their parents would not object. 'No,' said they, 'we want to come in,' and so I took them in, and we sang some little hymns together, and I spoke to them of the love of God, and of Him who said, 'Let the little ones come unto Me.' That happened two or three times. There were never more than seven or eight small children on the Saturday afternoons. Suddenly the local judge, who was very hostile, interfered, and I was summoned to appear before the court, under an article in the Vaudois law, dated 1884, which makes the proselytizing of minors without their parents' consent a criminal offence."

"How did the trial go?"

"The judge, who was the real prosecutor, sat on the judgment-seat. His secretary, a man who had refused a glass of water to Col. Clibborn when he was nearly fainting from the blow of a stone which had laid his head open, was sitting near. One by one all the little ones who had attended in the henhouse were brought up against me. Poor little things! One was so small she had to be mounted on a chair in the witness box."

"And then?"

"Then I was sentenced to go to prison for a hundred days. I conducted my own defence. What I had to say was very brief. I stated that before admitting the children I had asked them if they had had their parents' consent. They had told me yes. I had then only told them of the love of God, and to that no father or mother, I thought, could possibly object. That was all I said, and then the judge pronounced sentence. I was taken to Chillon Castle, and locked up in a cold cell, without a fire, for nearly a week. Then our Consul intervened, and I was allowed a fire. After being fifty days in prison, I was released on bail pending the appeal. That appeal has gone against me, and I am going back to serve out the rest of my sentence."

"Bonnivard had a little blue bird to cheer his solitude. Had you any feathered visitant?"

"Well, not exactly visitants. But the solitude of my cell was cheered by birds, beautiful birds. The first morning of my imprisonment there, when I awoke and looked out of my window over the lovely lake, there was one seagull hovering over the water. It flew backwards and forwards light as air in the morning sunlight, now and then dropping like a flash into the waves and then up and away again, so graceful and oh, so free! And as I watched the lonely creature I continued to me to see if I could attract its attention. So I broke off a piece of bread, and, waiting till it swooped near the castle, I threw the crumb out into the lake. Soon, to my great delight, the seagull saw it, and in a moment had swept down to the water and seized it in his bill. I threw out another piece, and then another, for I was never tired of feeding the lovely bird. Next morning, to my great joy, it was there, and it was always there to the end. But imagine my delight when one day there were two gulls, and soon after there were four, and they were, oh! so tame. In time they were able to catch the crumb before it reached the water. More and more came; and when I was re-

CAPTAIN STIRLING.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]

Beautiful Barrie!

The "War Cry" man's visit.

Pleasure Seekers—The Rendezvous—Gentlemen Darkies—Mixed Pickles—A Smoky Christian—Six-Year Old "Tommy"—French Songsters—Divine Healing—"Diogenes" and the "Hallelujah Theologian"—The Old 9th—Billy Bray No. 2.

Yes! beautiful for situation is this northern town. In fact, one only wants to get a glimpse of it across Kempenfeldt Bay—when the sun is shining on it in splendour—to be convinced that it is one of the loveliest bits of scenery anywhere around this lovely Dominion. However, when I alighted from the cars I found that although God had blessed its situation, its streets were full of giddy, careless young men and women, who were apparently trying to get a bit of pleasure out of this world and its fleeting joys.

Methinks Jesus often weeps over it and with tears says, "How oft would I gather Barrie as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not." Pleasure seekers abounded everywhere who had come in from outlying places, and of course D. O. Body had taken time by the forelock and arranged for some "high times" in order to counteract, overthrow, and thwart the devil in his many schemes for dragging the people headlong to hell. Thank God the Salvation Army is always on the *qui vive*, and whenever the devil shows up in force depend upon it the Army is "all there."

The engagement started with an open-air at 2.30 Friday afternoon, followed by a holiness meeting in the barracks led by the D. O. I was late and consequently could not get there in time, but they had a season of rich blessing. By-the-bye little Cadet Jack Addie is coming on and bids fair to bloom into a blood-and-fire officer some day. May the Lord make him a real desperate warrior as well as the other little Addies.

That Friday night march I shall not forget in a hurry. "Plug hats" was the order, and several of the soldiers had donned them. "Five Points" was the rendezvous, and in a very short time a crowd of drunks and other kinds of sinners had gathered round the ring, a few of them trying to push their way into the middle, but they were kept back by the soldiers. Quite a number of old faces were present, among them the Sisters Wadds, Capt. Todd, (just from France,) Capts. Beadley and Baker.

While holding the open-air the town band marched by followed by a load of men (?) who had respect enough for themselves to blacken their faces, of course to attract, and they did attract too. Oh! comrades in this great salvation warfare, cannot we do far more to attract people to our Saviour? It is so very true that the devil runs the world to a very great extent to-day. We ought to be, we must be more desperately in earnest to get people interested in us.

In the march back to the barracks a sister did a hallelujah dance on the street, but it was all right for the Spirit was at the back of it. "Mixed Pickles" was the subject for the night meeting, and to say it was a hallelujah mixture will go a long way in describing it. "Happy Jenny" was all there.

The Saturday night free-and-easy was good. The D. O. managed to disgust the devil who was hiding away in some of his female dupes, so much so, that with a bold defiant look they marched out of the building. Oh, may God help us to be more than ever a torment to evil doers.

About forty met for early hallelujah breakfast at 7 a.m. Sunday morning. The tables were well spread. Everybody helped themselves, and left well satisfied and [illegible], all [illegible] happy and confident of a day of great victory and salvation. "The [illegible] of Christ" was the theme, and [illegible], and God knit every heart together with one purpose. "With [illegible] [illegible]," was the key note of the holiness meeting, and many were the panting souls who longed for more of God. With one accord we sang, and [illegible] brought the power. The hallelujah [illegible] was put in up to the hilt. "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle, who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" was the heart question from God's word. Many who were not walking uprightly, who were not working righteousness, were pricked to the heart. God helped them to look at the barrenness of their hearts and lives, and the indefiniteness of their testimony, and, of course, the light revealed their horrible state. In power the D. O. laid down God's lines and God's terms, and in a very short time five were at the cross seeking deliverance, and those soldiers did pray and wrestle for their comrades! By-the-bye, there was a dear girl saved before the morning march.

I was rather surprised to find a man in one of the back seats, who said he had been saved six years, had worked for God, and had been the means of bringing souls to Jesus, and yet *he smoked!* In fact it was a rather unpleasant job talking to him about a pure, holy, clean God, while such an unclean, dirty, filthy, effluvia was proceeding from his mouth. Of course he made the old devil's excuse about "that which goes in not defiling, but which comes out," and I must say it was a defiling smell which came from him. Oh, this beastly, dirty habit! What a havoc the devil plays with it, and how it defiles the temples of the living God. However, the man owned up to his wrong, and I pray that ere this he has stopped smoking. It was a grand meeting, and a blessed earnest of what was to follow. Another soul got saved before the afternoon march.

Brother Lowe is an invalid, who loves the Army very much, and has paid for no less than 3,500 WAR CRYS to be given away to those who cannot afford to buy them, spending over $150 for this purpose. We marched up to his house and held a glorious meeting on the lawn, while Bro. Lowe, who is crippled, enjoyed the testimonies and songs. Oh, comrades, we ought to thank God for good health. Will you pray for Bro. Lowe?

The afternoon meeting may be well defined as an "all-over-the-sh[illegible]p-hallelujah-mixture-medley-meeting." The officers took the platform and the soldiers scattered about among the congregation. Well, anything for a change to keep out of a rut. It succeeded well, and I was so pleased in listening to the testimonies of many who had been saved over 30 or 40 years. It cheered and encouraged the young ones and made them feel like going on.

I very much enjoyed the sw[illegible]t communion with D. O. Body, his wife and happy family, round the supper table. God came very near as we talked over all His wonderful dealings with us, and as little six-year-old Tommy prayed, for papa, mamma, captain, A[illegible]my and everybody else my heart bounded with delight. Yes it is a real salvation home I assure you.

We specially besieged God in prayer for the night meeting and He honored our faith and gave us two other precious souls. But the great devils of indifference, pride, fashion, and morality stalk about and lead many of the Barrie people astray.

Capt. Wadds and her sister, Lieut. W——helped much to push along the old chariot in the special meetings, and God helped the captain very much when giving her testimony on divine healing, in the afternoon meeting. It was made a blessing to many. The French songs too were very interesting and powerful, and although to many, an unknown tongue, yet God through them gripped the hearts of the people. It was a fighting day, but thank God, a day of blessed victory.

Capt. Dick Gage and wife assisted in the engagements and the "hallelujah wind-up" on Sunday night was a "high old time" and must have made the sinner and the lukewarm professor feel envious. The two brothers who got salvation, were especially happy and free.

There can be no mistake, but what Barrie is going ahead under the leadership of Happy Jack Addie and his wife, and from what I can learn the whole division is moving upward, praise God! Brother Field, the Lord will reward you for your kindness [illegible] [illegible] forget to pray for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Comrades, soldiers, be [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible], and God will give you great victories "greater things" [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] thou see." I hope to be with you again some day. Meanwhile, work on, fight on. "The Lord thy God, He it is that goeth before thee to fight thy battles for thee."

NOTES

I noticed that Mrs. Michiel, Captain Tom's mother, was very happy as also her daughter who had very recently got right with God. Glory Tom's wife's sister was all there and God helped her to sing in the spirit. Billy Bray, No. 2, is a real old live salvation soldier, and he makes things sit up when he testifies. Happy Jennie, recently carried a convert to the penitent form under her arm, and literally pitched her down at the penitent form. The "Theologian" told how she got all her theology from the bible, and "Diogenes" with his hallelujah fiddle, fiddled to the glory of God, and was up at 6 a.m. selling WAR CRYS, and last but not least the WAR CRYS, I believe, were all sold completely out, so that we shall look for an increase in your order Jack. The old 9th is still alive and going on to victory. REAR.

Stronger Than Death.

"Love is strong as death.
"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."—Cants. viii. 6, 7.

AN estrangement of twenty years' standing between two brothers is a sad fact to contemplate. It is worse if cruel deeds reciprocated have developed it into active hatred. True it is that—

"To be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Gregory and William had sprung apart at the reading of their father's will. A dispute as to the disposition of his property first caused the breach. Not even their mother's death had bridged it over. Like strangers they met and parted at her funeral.

After nearly a quarter of a century, their natural attitude still remained unchanged. Small human possibility was there of bringing back these two obstinate natures to complete union. Possibilities, nevertheless, are unlimited to faith and hope; how much more so to love, which "never faileth!"

For over a year Gregory's wife had been slowly dying of consumption. The one care in her own bright Christian experience had been her husband's unconverted state. Even this anxiety had, at last, been obediently cast upon Jesus, and with patient confidence wife Alice awaited her Master's call.

A new Army Captain had just come to the town. Like his predecessors he received a cordial welcome from Alice whenever he visited her sick-room. "Oh, Captain!" she said the first time he came, "call as often as you can. I don't ask you to call because I am afraid to die. Thank God the sky is clear, but it lifts me and does me so much good."

After this he visited her once or twice a week. The last time previous to her death that he came, life was ebbing away so fast that stooping down he whispered in her ear, "Now that you are passing over the river, tell me, sister, have you any fear?" She smiled as she said: "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for His rod and His staff do comfort me."

Shortly after this, a hasty summons bidding him to Alice's death-bed was sent to the Captain. He found all her friends there assembled. Gregory himself sat at the foot of the bed. The prospect of an eternal separation from the one he loved best on earth was not enough to bend his obstinate will. Again and again had he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] another [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it would be most painful to [illegible] her [illegible]. The children [illegible] [illegible] their mother at her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] request.

"[illegible] not to cry after me. Promise to meet me in Heaven," she said to one after another. Then, once more, her eyes sought her husband's face with loving, urgent entreaty. Slowly but sadly he shook his head. "I cannot deceive her now," he thought, "but how can I ask God to forgive me when my heart is full of hatred to my own flesh and blood?"

Who can describe all that passed through the dying woman's mind? Time and thought ran into the world of praise, we may believe—perhaps, after this fashion: "O Jesus, my Lord, Thou canst do all things. I have trusted Thee so long for Gregory's soul. Thou art able to work a miracle to save him."

To all outward appearance she had passed away. Half an hour had elapsed. The room was full of relations and friends, some of whom began to make preparations for the performance of the last offices they could render to the dead.

It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen in their midst when Alice suddenly opened her eyes. The power of God was in that room. To give the Captain's own description of the following extraordinary events:—"Oh, what a scene!" he wrote some time after to Headquarters. "Four precious souls dropped on their knees and cried to God for mercy. She neither moved nor spoke, but fixed her eyes upon the ceiling for two minutes, when she sat straight up in bed, a thing she had not done for weeks, having been too weak to raise her hand to her head. She clapped her hands above her head and shouted 'Hallelujah!' at the top of her voice nine times, went through motions with her hands as if beating the drum, playing the cymbals, concertina, flute, tambourine, harp—in fact, nearly every kind of musical instrument had its turn. She then told us she had been into Heaven, and had seen so-and-so, mentioning her friends who had gone before. She even mentioned some she had never seen, who were dead before she was born. When asked how she knew these, she smiled and said, 'Oh! Jesus introduced them to me; and then He told me to come back here to tell you to give your hearts to Him, and work for Him, and come there to.'"

"Her next request was, "Send for William." Gregory dared not withstand it. All inclination even to do so had left him. The Captain goes on to say: "The brother arrived, came into the room, hanging down his head as if he had stolen something, stooped over the bed, and asked her if she knew him."

"Know you? Of course I know you. I sent for you," was her answer as she grasped his hand with hers, and beckoning to her husband to come up on the other side, she also grasped his hand. She then brought the two men's hands together in her own, and fixing her eyes upon Heaven, she just said: "Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!" The effect was marvellous. Both men fell on their knees and sobbed aloud to God for mercy. To the amazement of the citizens, that same day those two men went down the street arm in arm.

After the reconciliation she kissed everybody in the room, told us she had finished the work given her to do, bade us all good-bye, said she must go now, lay back, closed her eyes, grew weaker and weaker, and in a little while without a struggle went back again to Heaven. It was the grandest sight I ever saw. I trust you may be able to use it to the salvation of souls.

Ah! friends, you may ejaculate "Impossible, impossible!" as often as you like. It cannot alter, much less explain away the above tale, related as it is by a trustworthy eye-witness. Jesus has said, "With God all things are possible."

M. S. N——.

A COMRADE remarked—"I was reading something in a book which said, 'If you want to walk in the Divine Light, you must put out your own candle.' In the past I have been trusting to the poor light of my own candle, but now I have put it out, and I am walking in the Light of God."

DAVID ANGUS.

(THE HAPPY SCOTCHMAN.)

His Stirring Life—Cunning Deceit—Feeding on Turnips—His Sister Dies—The Juvenile Smoker—A Blasphemer Saved.

I WAS the grandson of a Presbyterian minister, being brought up to the U. P. Church of Scotland. I always had a delight in going to church, although I cannot say I was anything the better for that; but from the time of being a wee lad to the age of ten I was a wild fellow. When I was about the age of seven or eight, I remember a sister of mine got a tooth pulled, and she had to stay at home a fortnight. I didn't like going to school, and to get a holiday I wanted to get mine pulled, so I told mother what I wanted, and she said, "All right, you can go." All this time she thought I was fooling, but I went, got it pulled, and asked the doctor how long I had better stay from school. He said "about three days." Oh, my! I was astonished to think that my sister had to stay away for two weeks, so what was I to do? So I went home with a shout—"There ye are; here's a stump for you." "Oh," says my mother, "where did that come from?" Says I, "Oot o' ma moo." She looked and saw that it was so, and instead of saying I had to stay at home for three days, I said I had to stay at home two weeks, and I was one of those lads who would not work for anybody, not even my parents, without being paid for it.

One day during these two weeks my mother asked me to get some potatoes and pare them for dinner, and she was to give me a penny for it after it was done. As she had to go out, and the majority of the potatoes were small ones, I got ready the large ones and threw away the small ones. One of my sisters saw me do this (she is dead now), and told mother. Oh, didn't I catch it with the stick!

At the age of nine I remember my mother was washing, and she wanted me to carry a little water. I asked for pay. She hadn't any to give me, so she wouldn't pay or promise to. I ran away. You will probably think this is going too far, but no, however, I ran away, and got into a field of turnips, and fed on them and slept in hay stacks.

I went on that way for a week, at the end of which my father was around buying some potatoes. He saw me and wanted me to go home. I said, "My mither will lik me." "Oh no," he said, "I'll not let her." So away I went, and when I got home my mother saw me, she got a stick and father couldn't hold her, for she was after me round the garden, and poor Davie ran for all he was worth, and that wasn't much, with mother after me to beat me. She succeeded, and didn't spare my back. That taught me a lesson for awhile, and at the age of ten my sister died.

The last words she spoke were, "Meet me there." With both our hands clasped together, I said, "Jennie, my dear, I will." This was thirty minutes before she died, and I went out to play at 9.30, and she passed away at 9.45, and I came in at ten. That broke my hard heart, and I made up my mind to do all that I could for God, and I did so, and trusted God to give me a little work, so that I could help my parents a bit.

I got work at sixpence a day cutting weeds, and I earned a suit of clothes for myself. That was the first suit I bought, and God did wonderfully bless me. Father died when I was at the age of thirteen. Before this I learned to smoke. I thought it was no harm to do so, and many of the Presbyterians smoked. So on I went in this way of living, as one says, "A good substantial Presbyterian." Then my father died, and I tell you it was a break in our house, as he died leaving a young family growing up, and nothing left in the shape of means to hold us together.

My brothers being idle, I was wanted to keep books for a half-brother who was in business for himself, but the missionary came and took me to a place called the Fechney Industrial School. This was hard on me. I could not see my friends, but for all that God was with me. The boys saw I read my Bible and said my prayers, and got afraid, and thought I would tell the master of anything they did wrong, so they lashed it out of me in such a way that you would hardly believe it. It was a bitter persecution to me, but the boys paid for it, too.

After that I lost my peace with God, so I went on in the school, where I learned music, and got into the band. This, I thought, was glorious. I then went to learn a trade. At first I learned to be a gardener, and was getting on so well that I was sent out to sell flowers, and if any flower was a fair price, I would put on a little more, so that I could keep it for myself. This was done many a time, and I did the same with vegetables. So I was a lad of the devil. I would run down town without leave, and being caught I was severely punished. My punishment was as follows: I got eleven scuds across the hands with a bamboo cane and then one month standing in the corner to eat dry porridge with no milk, and dinner time soup and no bread, and supper, coffee and no bread, then to bed at seven o'clock. Not long after that I went down again and got a punishment something similar to the last one, only I got eighteen strokes with a stick and three months' punishment, so I had it tough.

Now, when leaving this place I went to visit my friends in Dundee and went to see the Salvation Army, and as I was in the hall an aunt of mine belonging to the great S. A. came to me and asked me about my soul's welfare, asking me if I was saved. I said, "No," at first, and on her asking me the question a second time I said, "Yes." Oh, the devil had me there again with a lie in my mouth. I did hate the Salvation Army because they made so much noise, I didn't think it was right; and one thing I didn't think was right, I heard them singing a chorus to the tune of "My love she's but a lassie yet." Oh, that was a sin to me (but, glory to God, now I can do it too) and I would say all manner of evil against them.

Well, I came out here to Manitoba to make money, to put something in my pocket, but it went out instead of going in, so I am not rich in pocket but rich in soul now.

I came to this large city of Winnipeg and started to work in the C. P. R. shops, lost the blessing, and got worse than ever. My language was dreadful, the boys were going to flog me several times for it.

But the time came when God called me to Himself again, and when I sought for salvation God in His infinite love and mercy forgave me for the past and my whole delight now is to do the Master's will.

Oh, sinner, backslider, will you realize what God has in store for you? I was both, but glory be to God, I have a salvation that makes me happy. Oh, if I was to tell all my past life you would think there would not have been mercy for me, but God says, "Whosoever will may come;" and again God says, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and again He says, "A broken and a contrite heart I will not despise." Blessed be God forever!

Oh, sinner and backslider, will you not come to this loving Saviour? Oh, I am happy in Christ my Lord! Come, and happy be.

DAVID ANGUS.

ASK God to help you put some life and snap in your writings. You know who I am referring to. You would pity ye poor editor if you knew how his brain gets in a whirl sometimes after toiling through forty of your closely-written pages, doing his utmost to make something out of nothing, and then, glancing at the remaining twenty-five, closing his eyes and sending a silent petition to the Throne for help and special grace. He is beginning to think it is a waste of the Lord's time, and thinks seriously of consigning all long-winded communications to the tender mercies of the man who starts the fires in the Headquarters' stoves.

A CASTAWAY.

IT was a Friday night Holiness meeting, when our congregations are generally made up of soldiers and Christians, but this night a young man of very seedy appearance wended his way down the barracks right to the front seat, directly in front of the officers, and with a troubled look hung his head as if asleep, but on looking a little closer we noticed that he was in deep thought, and throughout the whole meeting seemed to drink in every word, and at the close, when the captain invited any present to come and seek a full deliverance, this young man arose and came to the penitent-form, and in a short time found pardon. He acted as if he were not always a stranger to the Saviour, as he knew just how to go about it. After speaking an encouraging word to him he left.

On meeting him the next day he told me the following, which was his experience.

Leading a sinful life he was led to Jesus through the Army in one of the Southern States, and after being a soldier a number of months entered the field. He rose from Cadet to Captain, which position he held for eighteen months, and through carelessness and insufficient secret prayer became dissatisfied with his surroundings, and concluded to leave the field for awhile to work at his trade, thinking he could keep just as well saved, but he soon found that it displeased God, and he was not where he ought to be. He then got into bad company, and fully backslid. Going from worse to worse he became very miserable, and at last had to seek refuge at the feet of the loving Saviour whom he had deserted, yet who lovingly forgave all the past, and he once more obtained the peace he so easily lost.

It set me thinking of how easily we can be upset if we cease to watch and pray, and after exhorting others to give up their sins, we ourselves become castaways. It reminded me of the time when I used to watch the searchers on the river near my home searching with grappling irons for a lost body or part of a lost cargo, and I have often seen the same pair used many a time in bringing in the lost articles. The thought came to me, "How easy it would be for a pair to grasp something at the bottom, either too heavy to raise or too deeply imbedded in the ground, and through not watching or careless tugging at the rope it would give way, and the once useful implement loosen itself, and though of iron, the strong tide wash it away to the mouth of the river into the sea, and away it would go at the mercy of the current, and no one knew where.

Is there not a danger of this same thing happening some of us in our Christian experiences, that by not continually watching and praying, and after having been implements in God's hands, used in seeking and finding the lost, and after bringing them into the fold, we may strike against some heavy object in the shape of a cross, and fail to raise it on account of its weight, and allow the rope of faith to break, and when once broken we are at the mercies of the rivers of sin and iniquity, with nothing to support us we drift on and on to the ocean of the world, and midst its roars and billows we are lost sight of, possibly forever.

Oh, how it behoves us to watch lest we ourselves become castaway, and go right back into the world in sin, which is a dangerous position to be in.

"For if having once escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and again become entangled therein, the latter end with them is worse than the beginning."—2 Peter, ch. 2, v. xx.

SAM LANDERS.

MORE "sand" wanted! Lots of it! Not in the grocery store-keeper's sugar barrel, but in the religion of to-day. How much backbone is there in your salvation?

OFFICERS' CORNER.

Both head and heart are good servants, but bad masters; the stronger and more capable they are, the more firmly must they be kept in hand.

⁂

"When you can't seem to tell the Lord just all you want, ask Him to look in your heart, and increase all that is like Him in it.

⁂

If you have made a mistake, beware of increasing the damage by hasty and ill-considered action.

⁂

Yes! yes! victory for You!
If you'll only trust Him:
He will bring you conqu'ror through.
Go and tell it all to Jesus!

⁂

Never do anything in a hurry. You will often have to do things promptly, but there is as much difference between promptness and hurry as between chalk and cheese.

⁂

What should constitute happiness for you? Not an "easy" time—if such a thing could be imagined in our war—with light work and plenty of soldiers to do it, plenty of money and no outside visible enemies to contend with. Not these things! There is not a real true Blood-and-Fire Officer through the length and breadth of this world-wide army of devil-drivers that would even *desire* anything of the kind. But what we all want,—and what is more what we *must* have,—is the knowledge right down in our hearts that God is pleased with us in respect of details of our every-day work and war. What we want is to feel and know that we are just exactly where God wants us to be, and that He is making us day by day, not only more like Himself, but more and more fitted by our daily experience to do the work for which He has called and commissioned us. And when our hearts are in such a condition as this, we have peace and real joy with which no amount even of nervous worry and mental care can really interfere. So that it is quite possible to be really happy even while suffering much on account of a combination of the two disadvantages I have just mentioned. I believe that the devil often persuades officers that the fact of their feeling worried and burdened is in itself a proof that they are not right in their souls, and that he often causes them much suffering on this account, which is quite without foundation.

⁂

Comparisons are odious, and I make none; but I believe that if every officer, on going into a town, looked at it with more of the eye of a soldier and less with that of a religious teacher, he would not only work in a very different manner, but of course see results of a very different character; though it need not follow that they would be greater, or even more satisfactory. If your idea of what God wants of you pictures a certain number of meetings every week, so many hours to be spent in visiting, and certain teaching to be given to saints and sinners, you will of course simply discharge these duties. But you ought to regard the place as a city or town that has to be rescued from the devil by means of a body of God's Soldiers to whom He has appointed you a leader. Then you will immediately set yourself to find out the value of your soldiers,—individually and collectively; and you will take steps to know the real spiritual and temporal condition of the town. When you have reached two or three definite conclusions on these heads, of course you will set to work to devise plans by which to meet the needs of the case through directing in suitable work the energy and strength and ability of every individual soldier.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.]

leased on bail there were a score of white-winged birds hovering round the castle looking out for their morning crumbs."

"You would be quite sad to leave them, and how glad they will be when you come back? But were there any other living creatures near?"

"Rats! They fortunately did not come into my cell, but they ran riot in the next room, where the governor stored his nuts. What a noise they made at night! Sometimes I could hardly sleep with the scuffling among the nuts, and the gnawing sound of their teeth upon the shells. You know what a noise one mouse can make in the silent night. Imagine a dozen great rats!"

"You were not lonely, then, like Bonivard?"

"Oh, no. There was no solitary confinement. I was allowed to meet the other prisoners, and we used occasionally to hold prayer meetings in the workroom. I have great hopes of one poor murderer who seemed very much touched, and whom I hoped may be saved. This was contrary to rule, however, and I was prevented from doing proselytism in jail. But it was not only prisoners whom I was allowed to see. The governor's daughter and the governor's daughter-in-law were both most kind to me. I was also allowed to see any friends—provided they were not Salvationists. But my comrades came out in boats under the windows of the Castle and sang hymns and Army songs to cheer me in my 'little room.' Then I was allowed to have books and paper; I could write what I pleased, although all letters to Salvationists were read by the governor. I was allowed to wear my own clothes, and after the intervention of our Consul they gave me a fire, so that I no longer suffered from cold."

"You were a first-class misdemeanant, in fact; and what a splendid site for a resting-place. It beats Holloway hollow!"

"Yes, it was lovely. The Dent du Midi was just opposite my window, majestic in its winter's snow, the blue lake and the rippling waters stretched below, and all the glorious associations of the place. And at night time, when the moon rode high in the midnight sky, and all the world seemed to sleep but the restless ripple of the lake, I loved to go outside in my little balcony and watch the silvery moonbeams on the lake, and the great mountain and the starlit sky."

"You make me quite envious."

"Yes; but after all it was sometimes fearsome in its loneliness, as it is not pleasant to be locked up in a prison, even when the prison is Chillon Castle. I was the only woman imprisoned there, and at first I was fearfully frightened, especially when I heard the triple door bolted and locked at night. I used to go down to the dungeon below to stand on the footprints worn by the heavy feet of the solitary prisoner more than three hundred years ago, and vow that I too would be faithful—faithful to the end. And then I would go to the great iron ring to which he was chained, and, holding it in both hands, repeat my vow. It seemed to strengthen me and make me brave to dare and to suffer whatever might be in store for me."

"How the Poor Die!"

This Grand Front-Page Cut and Article will appear in next week's CRY.

EVERYBODY GET ONE!

NOTICE!

All contributions for the WAR CRY and LITTLE SOLDIER must have the name of the writer or sender attached, as an evidence of good faith. All matter sent without the contributor's name will be destroyed. Please see to this.

THE COMMISSIONER

On the War Path.

At Peterboro'—Stratford—Woodstock—St. Thomas—Oshawa—Bowmanville—Warkworth.

Devil-Defeating Times.

"If God be for us who can be against us?" Never in all my life did I realize how true was this till of late. The more I see of the mighty things God is doing, the more my soul goes out in gratitude to God, and I feel sure nothing can hinder us if we do but keep on the old lines. We had a grand time at Peterboro and no mistake. Col. Dowdle and wife had been holding meetings for a fortnight, and a splendid work had been done for God I am sure. I just ran in for his closing meeting. Our officers' council in the afternoon was a real live time, as was also the one in the morning, and we each saw something of the great possibilities before us and left the Council chamber feeling a deep unity of spirit and determination to win for God and souls.

Bro. Gooderham, of Toronto, joined us at night, and God helped him and Col. Dowdle and wife in a special way. The crowd was smaller than I had seen here, and yet of such a class as made one feel that we were on right lines. The result of that meeting will show up in eternity. We had the joy of seeing four souls cry for mercy, and I can tell you it gladdened our hearts in a special way.

At Stratford, the officers, headed by the cornet band, met me at the depot, and a proper blood-and-fire lot they are. Were they in uniform? I guess they were. None of milk and water up this way. Talk about red, yellow and blue—here it is. What a happy time we had. Council, marches, and meetings were simply splendid, and we really had a rollicking salvation time. The drunkards know who are their friends, and I pray the time may never dawn when it will be otherwise. What marvels God has done for many round here. I trust Major Morris will send on some of their testimonies for the "War Cry." Evidently Stratford is going up, and the devil knows it. Capt. Lack and Cadet are enjoying God's smile and presence, and are working hard and getting victory. For a long time I had promised myself a visit to D. O. Baugh's division, and so arranged very hurriedly to go and see how the war moves in Woodstock and St. Thomas.

Oh, what a surprise! Talk about music! Go to Woodstock if you want to hear it. Did you hear the band of the Household Troops? Well, if you did not the next best thing is to go to Woodstock and hear the boys play, *and they pray, too.*

We had a splendid time, and no mistake. It was, without doubt, good to be there. While St. Thomas has arisen from the dust after years of toil, and march out with brass band and also timbrel band. No wonder the Staff is happy. He told us one or two of his racy stories with some good points in them, and altogether, it was good to be there. Major Morris' boy-bugler and Brig.-Capt. Veale came and rendered us good help. By-the-bye, the Major needs your prayers, Mrs. Morris is very sick indeed. I had the blessed chance of spending an hour with her last week; her sufferings are great, and yet, underneath and round about are the Everlasting Arms. She has very much of the nearness of God. Do not forget her in your prayers and I am sure God will hear you on her behalf and send down answers. Do not ever forget our sick ones when you pray; God still hears and answers prayer.

Friday was a big day in Toronto. Others will tell of it, no doubt; I must just say this, I do praise God for his mighty help and blessing during these five years just gone into eternity and I lay all the glory at His feet.

Oshawa and Bowmanville came next. The old ark is moving along, and don't you forget it. Twenty-five soldiers enrolled Friday night at Oshawa and more are coming on. God is doing wonders in this place. A lot has been secured, they are working hard to pay for it, and as sure as you are alive, its going to be done. We had a splendid meeting, although our bills only arrived announcing our coming a few hours before we arrived ourselves. Our knee-drill was a great time. You may look out for big things in these quarters. Capt. Wellwood is on the warpath and don't you forget it.

We drove over to Bowmanville for Sunday meetings, passed Counties, and saw the little soldiers on the march. "Over thirty soldiers here," says Bro. May. One wonders wherever they come from, and yet, here they are. God bless our village warriors and also the rising Army whom we saw on the march that morning.

Our meetings in Bowmanville were on the line of old timers. God came near. As we looked at the splendid lot of soldiers we thought of the grand possibilities of this corps. We had the joy of seeing one soul at the foot of the Cross, and I am quite sure the testimonies of Staff-Capt. Walton and Brig.-Capt. Moss will have a blessed effect upon the crowd that listened. God grant that scores through these meetings may be saved.

We are rising and can sing all round, "See our numbers how they swell." I like to see it; it is grand to hear of increases but much better when they come before your eyes.

Oh, may we go in and do work that can be seen now, and also after many days. I am more than pleased with all I have seen and am certain that the future is going to be glorious. More to follow.

Yours, to war,
COMMISSIONER.

What His Wife Told Me.

BY D. L. C.

Visiting a Canadian home in one of our cities recently, I found the good wife busily engaged clearing up after what seemed to have been a hearty dinner. Upon my enquiring after her welfare, she made answer that she was saved and happy. Looking about the sparely-furnished room, "Captain," she said, "this is the third home that I have had to get together since I was married. My husband has been an awful drunkard, and when in drink was very cross, and as a result I have seen some terrible times. When my husband was drinking, if I went out to earn a little to keep the home together and he found that I had any money, he would beat and ill-use me until he would get the money to spend in drink. In this way our home was destroyed, and I have gone for days with nothing but water to pass my lips for food."

Then hesitating, and with a smile on her face, she changed the story, saying, "It is all past since my husband got saved in your Army about four years ago. Now, instead of taking the money from me, he brings his earnings home and gives them to me, and if I want anything all I have to do is to say so, and he tells me *to* get it as I have the money. Once, it is true, since he joined the Army, he was overcome by the enemy, and got the worse of drink. But he did not stay away long, and when he was willing to do right some of them in the Army helped him; and now when he goes out I am not afraid but that he will come home all right;" and sure enough, as I was leaving he turned up at the door all smiles, and my soul was blessed to think that God had raised up a means in the Salvation Army that is doing its work and lifting homes that were once nothing but misery and hardship into little heavens of happiness and blessing.

Our sister, unlike some whose husbands have been reclaimed and saved by the Army, has joined its ranks and is helping to hold her husband up, instead of standing in his way; and yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing them both testify from the Army platform, their very countenances confirming it. Here is a live pill for our enemies to swallow:—

"I went from knee-drill conducted this morning, and in consequence of it [illegible] angry when I went home. In fact, I [illegible] had a miserable life of it for the past [illegible] until I felt that I had become a real [illegible] before God. But He has helped [illegible] morning."

Lieut. Waldroff spent Sunday with [illegible] his old comrades are glad and proud to see him show such a good front to the enemy. Led on in the strength of our God Lieut., and your labors shall not be in vain.

Look out for Portrait and Life of our Promoted Comrade, Lieut. C. Churchill, in the next WAR CRY.

Last Tuesday morning was one of the best times we have had in our home for quite a while past. Although we were a little longer than usual, we did not regret the time so spent in praying. Believing seed was sown, from which we hope soon to reap the fruits. Here are some testimonies from our dear girls, whom we have proved to be thoroughly changed.

No. 1 said—"I thank God I am still saved, and my determination is to press on and make Heaven my home. I know Jesus can keep me to the end."

No. 2—"I pray God to lead my every footstep, if it only be in crossing the floor, and I mean to do more for Jesus than ever. Hallelujah!"

No. 3 feels that Christ has pardoned her now, although she has been very wayward, and means to press on to the mark of her high calling.

No. 4 thanks God she is still saved, and intends sticking closer to Jesus than ever before.

No. 5 knows her sins are all forgiven, and she is trusting in her Redeemer.

No. 6 is a reclaimed backslider. God bless her and keep her.

While the meeting was going on we gazed into the faces of our girls, and when we saw the tears run down their cheeks we could not help but fulfil those words, "Weep with those who weep." When we see what sin has brought them to our hearts go out in pity for them, and we wonder what we can do for them so as to help them more, both soul and body. Thank God a break has come, and we trust that in the future they will live for Christ alone. When a girl is converted she has a chance to redeem that which above all earthly things is so valuable, viz., her character. We are so glad that we are co-workers with Christ in being able to go in and out amongst those whom our souls love. We know that Christ has trod, and is now treading with us, the blood-stained path that leads to the Cross. He does not ask us for more than we can do; when all is done from a pure, holy motive, He can smile upon our labors, and this is why we get such wonderful blessings. When we look into the future and know that they will be saved, it cheers our hearts to go on, for we shall not only be rewarded here, but in the Kingdom above.

One of our girls was sweeping the stairs yesterday, and as Mother was coming down she said. "Well, Mrs. Glover, you make my heart ache very much when you speak like you did at prayers this morning." I heard the conversation unknown to them, but in my heart I prayed God to make many a heart ache on account of their sins. "Oh, Lord, smash our girls' hard hearts with the hammer of Thy love and we will give Thee all the glory. Amen."

Love to the fallen and lost.

CADET L. ELDERFIELD GREEN,
R. H. S.

24TH. THE 24TH.

WITH THE GREAT

Salvation Army

IN TORONTO.

FIVE YEARS' REVIEW

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

STARTLING REVELATIONS! SWEEPING VICTORIES!

Crowds of Salvationists.

Mrs. Coombs, Mr. Gooderham, Col. Bailey, and others to the Front.

Certainly the most enthusiastic meetings the Salvation Army has yet seen were held in the city on May 24th. Old Richmond St. was the scene of a "Soldiers' Re-union." Commissioner Coombs presided, ably supported by his Chief of Staff, and our old friends, Messrs. Gooderham and Duncan, were well to the front. The body of the hall contained possibly 600 sympathizers and friends and soldiers, who had been admitted by special invitation ticket. The opening song, "I'll Gird on the Armor," was very appropriate and was sung with a zest that defies description.

To save space we will give our readers the pith of what he said:—

I am very glad to be here this afternoon to meet so many of you, my comrades, in this little meeting which has been convened for our special profit, and I pray God that each of us may get sharpened, and helped, and blessed in this meeting. I have been very much struck of late with the great comfort that can be provided to one's own heart at all times and under all circumstances from the Word of God. I suppose there never is any point in any person's life where they shall meet with difficulties of any kind whatsoever but what they can find in the Word of God something to help, comfort, and sustain them. I have been very much turning over in my mind some passages in the Word of God lately, and one passage that has come home to my heart again and again is this, "He that hath left father, mother, houses and lands for My sake and the gospel's shall receive in this life one hundred fold, and in the world to come life everlasting." and I am quite certain as I stand here this afternoon, after nearly fourteen years service for the King I am better off in every way, shape, and form. In fact, as the days go by bringing me nearer the day that I shall see the King in His beauty, see Him face to face, I thank God that ever He allowed me to take up some little work for Him, to help bring men and women to His feet. A great many people have asked me a lot of questions lately and amongst them this has been asked me more than any other, especially for this last couple of months. It is this, "What are you going to do, Commissioner, what are you going to do?" Well. I will tell you what I am going to do. "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shall I dwell in the land and verily I shall be fed." Hallelujah! Do not forget. this is what I am going to do. I feel this is something that will strengthen my heart and I feel sure it will strengthen you spiritually too. I was telling some one the other day that I generally get three meals a day, and could get four if I wanted them, and I am confident of this, that the Word of God is true and they that trust in Him shall not want any good thing, *any good thing.* This is my experience, I have proved it so. I can stand here in your presence and say that so far this has been verified in my experience. That God according to His Word has been enough for me under all circumstances, and I do praise God and I say it to His glory this afternoon, that I am five years a better man than I was when I first stood upon this platform It is five years ago to-day since I first lifted up my voice in this barracks, five years ago since I took my first march in your city in a Salvation Army procession, and the band was playing, and I remember the tune they played. It was, "Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war." I started marching in Canada that day and I have not got tired of marching, and I thank God as I look back upon the five years march that I have a great deal to be thankful for. I shall have some little to say about it in the meeting after tea and to-night, and some little things that will be interesting to you, but I do want to give God the praise this afternoon for every blessing. When I told you in the first meeting I held that I had only one object in view in coming to you, that I had only one motive in being here—the furtherance and the interests of the Kingdom of my Lord and Master and the bringing of men and women to Him, that they might lead others to Him—and so I thank God during these five years I have labored for that object with which I set out, and I have it in my soul more deeply rooted than ever before, and as God shall be my helper, my life and all shall be spent desiring to help win those who are unsaved to Himself.

Five years from to-day I may not stand here or in any other barracks in this country, God only knows, I am just as willing to have the pleasure of standing here five years from to-day, just as willing to have the pleasure of standing here in Canada as in any other part of the world. We sing sometimes,

"No home on earth have we,
No resting place below;
From sin, and self, and fear set free,
To fight for God we go."

and it matters not where I stand five years from to-day, whether in Canada or India, or the Old Land, thank God I shall be under the eye of the Almighty, and as that beautiful poetry says,

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His loving care."

Thank God I know that wheresoever I may be or you may be, while we trust in the living God His eyes will be over us for good, and you will realize this every hour where Jesus is. I want to say, that I am perfectly satisfied to be where I am to-day, where Jesus wants me to be, and whether I am here five years from to-day or not I am the Lord's. There is one passage of Scripture I would like every soldier to take home to their own hearts. It is my lot to have the realization of this, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Now I am not afraid of the poor house myself. There are lots of people going about always afraid of spending their last moments in the poor house, always looking very sad and sorrowful. Always being melancholy and they always have a bad look put on. Their life is a perfect misery to them and they do not know how to live. Just take home these passages to your own heart and get the realization of them within, and if you get there you will want to stop there. May God bless everybody here for His name sake. Amen.

A regular "old-time testimony meeting" followed the Commissioner's address, and "long and loud" were the utterances of the blood-and-fire warriors. Some of the first converts were there, as also some of the very latest, only a few days old. One could not fail to catch the enthusiasm as one after another told of how God had met them through the S. A., and had made their lives and homes so happy and blessed. Loyalty seemed to be the theme, and if there is any doubt in the mind of any one as to the loyalty of the Canadian contingent of the world-wide Salvation Army, we recommend them to attend the very next soldiers' re-union which is held, and we have no doubt that all their fears will vanish. Their very hearts seem bound up in the organization which has done so much for them, and each one pledged fidelity to the old flag and our loved leader. The Commissioner called upon all present to rise and sing "Crown Him Lord of All," and as this grand old song pealed forth from the lips and hearts of those who had really done so, we praised God for the great good that had been accomplished during the Commissioner's term of office, and we bespeak a mighty advance during the coming year—and we hope years—of his leadership. At the close of this service, which had been of vast benefit to all present, three souls knelt at the mercy seat.

At five o'clock the troops formed outside for a march to the Temple, where a free banquet was announced. This was also by invitation, possibly to keep the tea select. This march, we think, was the very best we have ever had in the city; possibly not as large, but be it remembered that it was merely a local meeting, and was confined to the city alone. Forming up four deep, with the magnificent band of the Training Home Division at their head, they marched down Queen St. to the scene of the banquet. Some three or four hundred soldiers were in line, and with soldierly bearing and martial tread, it must have struck the devil with consternation as he beheld them. In the words of one of the friends who spoke, we want to say that "there are a few left yet." The banquet was a grand success. We have not space to describe it. It excelled anything of the kind we have ever attended. The arrangements were perfect, the edibles ditto. The crowds did ample justice and all were satisfied. After tea, Mr. Gooderham took the chair, and called upon Mr. Duncan for a few words. It is unnecessary for us to say he made himself heard. Mrs. Coombs' presence lent additional attraction to the meetings, and all were pleased to hear her say a few words. She spoke as follows:—

I want to tell you the feelings of my heart here to-day. While in the dear old Richmond Street barracks this afternoon I was just thinking of all the ways the Lord has led us this last five years and the many difficulties which we have had to face, but out of all the Lord has brought us off more than conquerors through Him that loved us. Five years ago we entered this Dominion with not one friend that we knew of, Commissioner, and our three little ones and myself. (One of them, our little soldier, boy has been promoted to the ranks above.) I say we entered without a friend. Brother and Sister Duncan threw open their doors and I believe their hearts also and received us as from the Lord. I shall never forget as we entered his home, I shall never forget the words he said to us, in his own, shall I say peculiar way, as he threw open two of the doors of his best rooms, saying, "Stay twelve months if you like." I was just saying we had not a friend that we knew of then, but since that time how things have changed! I see friends on the right and friends on the left. I am sure that I need not tell you that we deeply appreciate your love and your kindness, and when we see your toil and work for the Master it cheers our hearts. We never cease to pray for you that God may bless and keep you and that you may abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Our first meeting was held in the old barracks at Richmond Street. It was there we became from the first Canadians; we have been Canadians ever since; we are Canadians to-day. It was there that we fell deeply in love with you, and the more we have known of you the more we have loved you. That love has grown and increased, and believe me when I tell you we are one with you in the salvation of the world. I am glad we love the Salvation Army. I am glad we are here, God has raised us up People may say what they like, but God has raised us up to bring the world to His feet, and God forgive us if we do not do our part. But we will We will tell the good news that Christ has died for every man, we will tell it until we get more and more of the Christlike spirit. The world may mistake us and the devil may try and upset us, but what can they do, for with the world beneath us and the devil outside, and our eyes fixed upon the Master we are more than conquerors. The Lord help and bless you.

Mr. Gooderham, in introducing the Commissioner, gave a glowing tribute to him as a man and a Christian, and was very pleased to have the privilege of being present at their tea, and hoped it would not be the last they would have together. The Commissioner was received with an ovation and spoke as follows:—

"I am generally accepted as a greenhorn, and yet, some how or other, a great many people say, "Well, he knows what he is about. You make up your mind now, he is making a good thing out of it.' Well now, dear friends, I want to make a very honest confession here this afternoon, and that confession is this, that I am indeed making a very good thing out of it. And I want to say something else, that if I was not making a good thing out of it, I should not be in it. You can tell that to every ex-Salvationist you meet, that the Commissioner, without a doubt, is making a good thing out of it. A lady said to me this afternoon that she wanted me to forgive her, (and people do ask me to forgive them sometimes), for something she said about me. Well, I tell you, I was not backward in saying "yes." Not at all. She had said what she knew was wrong, and wanted to be forgiven. Well, now, I want to say here this afternoon that I am making a good thing out of it, and I want to tell you all about it. I have found a great many things in the Salvation Army. First of all I found salvation. God grandly saved me. I happened to read one of the papers a few weeks ago where some were saying they would enquire into the antecedents of some of us at Headquarters. I suppose they included me with the rest Well, now, I will give you some insight into my life. It was a life utterly Godless prayerless, and indifferent. I heard of a Jesus and a God, a Jesus who saved, who died to save the world, but never till I came to the Salvation Army meetings, and at its penitent-form and was saved, did I realize that Jesus died for me. Thank God I realized it then, and a wonderful salvation it is indeed. And then I not only found salvation in the Salvation Army, but I found my wife there. I do not think I did bad. I passed through all those severe matrimonial rules they have in the S. A., and I want to tell you, because she had so much to tell you that she forgot, I want to tell you that she found me there, and I think after all that she had a pretty good find. We have got on remarkably well together, that we have, and God found her in the S.A., too. A rather remarkable coincidence was this, that under the same man of God, she and I were converted in two different towns. While laboring for God together we found each other, and the two streams of our lives have run into one, and that one has been for the interests of the Kingdom of God, and I am very proud of my wife for a great many reasons. One reason is because she was one of the first women who ever had the name of "Hallelujah Lass." It was very peculiar how that name came about. I may tell you sometime, but I am glad to tell you that she has proved herself to be a hallelujah lass indeed. And I want to say that God has given us our children in the S.A., and they are learning to become Salvationists. They take it in from their early infancy, and as I said to a lady who was talking to me a few days ago about the Training Home and the labor of our officers, who said, "I suppose, Commissioner, you would not let your girls be S.A. officers," and I said to her. "Madam, there would be no greater joy to my heart than to see them taking the lowest position in the S.A., and in lifting up the worst and the lowest, and the most degraded, and in spending their life to publish the sinner's friend." And then there is another thing I am very glad of, that is, when we get into our palatial residence up on Bleeker Street, we have some high old times, and we have the pleasure of shutting the devil outside. What a great thing it is when a man sits around his table with those who are dear to him, to be able to shut the devil outside, so that he cannot even put his foot in, and to feel that he has the victory in his own heart every time. Praise God for all the grace and blessing He has bestowed upon me.

Friends, I get on remarkably well, and I want to tell you this, that I want for no good thing, and if I did run a little short, I would not be backward in telling you. I thought I would get a man to examine my head once, examine my bumps, to see what I was fit for. He said I would make a lawyer, and several other things, *and that I would never starve while there was a loaf in the cupboard.* Very true. And I think a man is worse than a fool to do so.

I will tell you something else I have learned, and I have learned it grandly and well, that while you trust in God He will see that there is a loaf there. What do you think of that? It has been my pleasure, ever since I have been in the Salvation Army, to be in what people call a hard go, and I do not suppose I shall ever get out of a hard go, as far as fighting is concerned. I have no doubt there are scores of people in the world who imagine I have it very easy. Well, I tell you, I have it a great deal easier than my Master, and if I had my desserts I should be in hell instead of talking to you here.

I was very much amused and blessed while considering the corps that the Lord sent Capt. Noah to, and He kept the poor old fellow there 120 years. What would you officers say if you were sent that way, and did not get a shift? But Noah stuck at it, and God Almighty dealt with the enemy, and the very floods and rain that carried Noah to a place of safety, destroyed the enemies of God. I tell you this, that the heavens will fall and the earth melt with fervent heat, but God's word will stand forever, and He has said that if we trust in Him we shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth forever.

And now, dear friends, I am glad to have an invitation to have tea with you, and while, as Mr. Gooderham said, there is a new thing under the sun, and that is *a free Salvation Army tea*, yet we are very thankful that you have given something in a liberal way to help the Training Homes. I am very glad to have met you here, and to have looked upon your happy faces, and I say this to you for your benefit, that in the midst of the racket and the rampus that has been going on this last few days in a very small circle in the midst of it the Salvation Army has not been standing still, but last month alone we added to our rolls over one thousand soldiers, and I expect we shall do the same this month also, for we have already about 700 additions, and several places not heard from, so that you see we have a great deal to thank God for, and I say this for your encouragement, that the S A. is getting to be *too large to be pushed over.*

I remember hearing a very laughable anecdote once. It made me smile very much. It concerned the animals going into the Ark. While they were marching in, the elephant complained of the fly shoving him. It seems to me there are some flies getting behind the elephant to-day, and we can turn round and say, "Who are you shoving." Well. if the fly helped to get the elephant into the Ark, all right, and if these flies help to push on the old chariot, all well and good, but whether they push or not, I intend to go on. We may never meet together like this again. There are two or three things I would say to you soldiers, and they are these. 1st, See to it that your experience with God is clear, and that you have the assurance that all is well. 2nd. Remember that your soul can no more live than your body, without food. Eat the word of God. Take it before Him on your knees, and feast and feed your soul, and be often found before Him in prayer and supplication. Thirdly, never go back. Never take a false step, but let your steps be onward, forward and upward.

This is our victory,
Before our face they fall,
Jesus has died for you and me,
Believe and conquer all.

May God help us. I am deeply in love with everyone of you, and shall I use my wife's expression, *desperately* I do not know what I should have done if she had gone back on me, and I do not know what she would have done either. That, friends, may make you smile, but listen, what will your Saviour do if you turn your back upon Him and crucify Him afresh, and put Him to an open shame. Oh, be so desperately in love with your Lord and Master that you will do anything and everything for Him, and never be afraid to stand for Him. Let us be true to God, true to each other, true to the General, and the Old S.A., and we shall have the victory. Amen."

The meeting at night was simply immense. Preceded by a march from the Temple, which was a striking proof of the existence of the S. A., it received an impetus that kept it going right through. A grand crowd had assembled to hear the Commissioner's startling speech, and from the commencement it was one gigantic

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.]

HOLINESS

Are You Living Holy?

BY WALTER SCOTT, GUELPH.

"SHOW me a holy man, or one who lives Christlike," said an ex-officer whom I was bombarding about his soul—one who used to teach the necessity of being holy and was instrumental in bringing many sinners to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, but, alas! through disobedience to the Cross he became a backslider from God, and to-day is walking in the counsel of the ungodly, trampling upon the precious Blood of the everlasting covenant, calling it an unholy thing. But when I told him that I for one could snap my fingers at the old devil and tell him not only with my mouth, but by my life that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin, he changed his tune and tried to justify and console his poor dark soul, because David, Peter, Judas and other Bible prophets backslid. Is not this a fulfilment of the words of our Saviour, "If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered."

Comrades, are you abiding in Christ? Are you living holy? Is your life such a testimony of the excellency of Jesus Christ that you can say to your accusers, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" If not, get sanctified by the power of Grace Divine and have a practical salvation, or you will backslide and be damned as traitors to God and righteousness, for nothing but the sanctifying grace of God will enable us Salvationists to do and work righteousness and overcome the withering blasts of persecution, slander, and misrepresentation of the world and the devil.

"Be ye holy, for I am holy," saith the Lord your God, and holiness means a clean heart, purged from sin, self and the devil, and all other kindred evils, through faith in the all-atoning Blood of the Lamb, and the outcome of a clean heart is a clean life, in act, in purpose, and in thought. Glory be to God! This is what Jesus shed His blood for—to save us from our sins and deliver us out of the hand of our enemies, so that we might serve Him without fear (of anything that walks) in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life, not only in the New Jerusalem, but down here in this present evil world. Hallelujah!

A man said to me a short time ago that he did not believe there was a Christian man under the heavens but what sinned, either in thought, word or deed, but as he was an unregenerate man I did not enter into any controversy with him. I only assured him that when he experienced a change of heart he would have a change of opinion, for the natural man cannot discern the things of the Spirit of God. May the good Lord help all those who name the name of Christ to depart from iniquity, and walk worthy of God who hath called us unto His kingdom and glory; for there are too many weak-kneed religious hypocrites who exhibit to the world nothing but a caricature of the Salvation of Jesus Christ, but thanks be unto God there will be none of that class in heaven, for the Scripture saith, "None but the pure in heart shall see God."

My experience to avoid sinful thoughts is, "Keep the mind so busy with good ones that bad ones will be crowded out." "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," and if our tongues are sanctified our conversation will be in heaven or as becometh the gospel of Jesus Christ, and St. John, the divine, says, "Let no man deceive you, he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous." Therefore, unsettled in the doctrine of holiness, don't alter the fact that the blessing is attainable in this life, for the will of God is even your sanctification, and Jesus says, "If any man do His will he shall know of the doctrine."

Comrades, step out on the promise, put off the old man with his deeds and put on the new man Christ Jesus, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. Obey the Lord and make no provision for the flesh, for God hath not called us unto uncleanness but unto holiness, and faithful is He that calleth you who also will do it. Amen.

The Fulness of Christ.

CADET E. H. L.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."—Eph. iii.-19.

WITH all the fulness of God. What's that Paul? Is it possible that I, sinful and wicked as I have been, can be filled with the same spirit, the same love, the same zeal and earnestness and enthusiasm that Christ had? Me, who once despised the lowly Nazarene, me who once scorned the idea of being a follower of this man Christ? And now is it possible that He has saved me and waits to fill me with Himself? Yes, I feel in my soul that this very thing is not only possible but has really taken place, and Jesus has come into my heart and lives and reigns there, and in consequence I am enabled to live a life well pleasing in His sight.

Some may object to this and say its impossible to live holy on earth and sneer at the man or woman who says they live without sinning. But there are a few things to be looked at before coming to a hasty conclusion in regards to anti-holiness. How much power has God got? How much can He save me from? How much power has the devil got, and how low down can he drag a human soul?

Before going any further just look at that poor, besotted, whiskey-stained wretch yonder, that man who has scarcely seen a sober moment for the past six months or more. Ask for his testimony; ask him how he comes to be in the position he is in. We will just take his own story: "I was once pure. When a child I was cared for by good parents, and although they were not "prayin' people" they tried to bring me up in the good way. But as I grew older my will got the best of them and I disobeyed them. This one little act led to many others. Then I tried to reform, but every effort made me worse, and I began to sink lower and drift faster with the tide. Then I got mixed up with worse company, and the first thing I knew I was behind the bars. After I spent my time there and went home just in time to follow my poor mother's body to the cemetery (here the tears fall from his eyes) I thought I must do better, and for a time did, but again I fell and went lower than ever, and now I am just going to hell as fast as time and this cursed liquor can take me. Oh, no, sir! I can't reform, I am away down too low, I'm too bad, away below the scale of society, yes, below the human race, wallowing in the mire." "An outcast," you say; be it so."

You turn away sick and heart-broken at the sad sight.

Another scene, this time in an old hall used for theatres and the like. Sounds of music and singing come forth and you enter. The singing ceases and a man on whom sin has made its dread ravages, face scarred from many a drunken brawl, nose battered out of shape in many a bar-room fight. Over all this now shines a sort of peaceful radiance. A sort of contentment seems to be all about his manner. He speaks, "Friends, you all know me, you all know me, you know the life I used to live, without God, without a hope in the world I was driftin' to hell, but God took a hold on me and I seen my lost and ruined condition and I came and cried for pardon and he saved me and took all the desire for sin away and just now He's living in my heart and I'm happy. Glory to God forever!"

Saved to the uttermost; no more sin and misery while his eyes are kept fixed on Jesus.

You have seen how far down a man can be brought on earth by the power of sin, now how high can a man be brought on earth by the power of God. Some say we can never be holy till the judgment day. I say, was that man a drunkard on earth or did he wait till the judgment day? No, of course not, and neither will you, my brother or sister have any time on that great day to go running around looking for a chance to be made holy. No, now is the time, here is the place to be cleansed, sanctified, filled with all the fulness of God. If you are filled with Christ you will be conqueror, if not you will be a miserable failure. God bless you, go in for it heart and soul, seek after it, groan for it, let your soul go out after God, let your heart weep for this filling, take God at his word, give up every hindrance and let God do as He wills with you and you will soon find out that to be filled with all the fulness of Christ is ten thousand times more than you ever thought of. Amen.

Now my heart Thy temple making,
In Thy fulness dwell in me;
Every evil way forsaking,
Thine only will I be.

CONSECRATION AND SANCTIFICATION.

"AL."

THERE are a number of people who use the terms of Consecration and Sanctification as if they were synonymous. But such is not the case, as they have two distinct meanings; and I think if this was more clearly brought out there would be less mystification and stumbling amongst those who are seeking the blessing of entire sanctification or a clean heart. How many we see at our penitent forms or holiness tables who are seeking to enter into this "higher life," but fail to obtain that which they are seeking. Some of the reasons why are as follows:—One wants it because there is a prospect of his having more joy in his soul. Another wants to obtain it because some one else was telling her their beautiful experience since their heart has been entirely cleansed, and thinks a like experience would be just delightful for her, in fact just the thing she wants. Another seeks it in order to obtain the Holy Ghost like Simon of old, so that they might be thought powerful or obtain gain through it, if not in money or goods, in admiration, influence, etc. All of these, and many other reasons which I might mention of a like nature, all being selfish motives, comes to naught, and the penitents (?) go away no better, aye, methinks worse than when they came, because it would appear they were attempting to tempt God.

But there is another class of seekers who do not obtain the blessing. Some of these are the ones who are in a backslidden state in their souls, and when asked what they are after, answer, "I am seeking sanctification," or perhaps it will be for "more power," and are dealt with on those lines when it should really be salvation they are after, as God does not sanctify a person who is not justified. Perhaps they go away, saying they believe and will trust God, and all that sort of thing, when they are just as wrong as ever in their souls, because they do not confess their wrong, for what reason they know best themselves. I believe there should be the greatest care exercised on this point to see if they are freely justified. If not, there is a beautiful chance to deal with them, and while so close to the fountain get them into it and take care they should testify up to just what God has done for them, so that any others who may have got in like condition may be helped.

But to get back to my subject. There is a class who are depending upon their vows and good works for the blessing; also others who claim sanctification because of their consecration, claiming, "I have consecrated my all, therefore I am be sanctified." It is just here where we need be particular. Consecration is the act of our giving us [illegible] and is not a sanctifying act. Consecration is man's part, sanctification is God's part, and must be received by faith, and is just the same as pardon is received, and will only be given that God may be glorified in the soul and being of the person to whom it is imparted. It is a gift, not a merited reward, and is obtainable (not attainable) only when an individual sees their need of it, or in other words, sees the carnality in the soul after it has been pardoned, which not only hinders the growth in soul, but also hinders one from doing God's will fully. Having to attend to the inward foes which should be cast out and that cause so much trouble and watching, while they are within and are apt to manifest themselves in the form of pride, self-esteem, conformity to the world, love of money, innocent amusements (?) ...ness, and various other forms too numerous to mention, which not only binds the person down, but as I said before, hinders their usefulness. When a person sees the heart in this condition, and really abhors it, and is willing to be separated from the inbred sin and lets go and consecrates their *all* for time and eternity, not to be taken back in a short time and re-consecrated from time to time, but "once for all," then ask God for Christ's sake to sanctify or set them apart for His use and cleanse the soul, He will do it.

"Stop!" some one says, "I done all that when I first came to God for salvation, and He set me free." Yes! Well, just let us stop and look at this case. Here is a soul dead in trespass and sin, already condemned to eternal punishment, and in the sense of the word dead because of sentence having been passed upon it. We will take, for instance, a man who has committed a murder, has been tried by judge and jury, found guilty, and the sentence of death passed upon him. And he has property which he wants to give to some individual after the sentence is passed upon him. He is unable to do so because in the eyes of the law he is as much dead as though the sentence had been carried into effect. But let the governor or authorities give him a reprieve, and he can give the property to any one whom he may wish, for he is once more a live man. So, in the spiritual sense, after we are pardoned or made alive unto Christ, we are able to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.

There is no excuse why every child of God should not be clear about the blessing of a clean heart. You say you do not understand it. Well, God's word teaches it most clearly, and if you will take the word and go to God, He will reveal it to you far better than man can explain. God wants you to enjoy it. Your soul cries out for it, if you are truly converted, and best of all you may obtain it.

HAVE YOU GOT IT?

CHEER HIM.

T. A. P., YORKVILLE.

IN one of the large cities, a fire broke out near midnight. It was a lofty dwelling, and the flames had made headway before they were discovered. The fire companies rallied, but the smoke had become so thick, that the outline of the burning building was scarcely visible and the fiery element raged with fearful power, when a piercing shriek thrilled the hearts of the bystanders. In a moment a ladder was swung through the flames and planted against the burning walls, and a brave fireman rushed up its rungs to the rescue. Overcome by the smoke, and perhaps daunted by the hissing flames before him, he halted and seemed to hesitate. It was an awful scene, never to be forgotten. A precious life hung in the balance. The [illegible] was terrible, each moment seemed an age.

"Cheer him!" shouted a voice from the crowd. A wild "hurrah!" burst like a tempest from the beholding multitude. That cheer did the work, and the brave fireman went upward amid smoke and flames, and spurred on by the encouraging voices below, made a bold dashing leap through the window and soon returned with the rescued one in his arms.

When a brave soul is battling with temptation, wrestling with difficulties and struggling under the cross, rushing forward to rescue dying men and women from the burning flames of perdition, and yet, faltering in an hour of weakness, or a moment of peril, then "cheer him!" it will inspire him with hope and courage; and incited to further effort by words of sympathetic kindness, the drooping soul will press forward eager to snatch them as brands from the fire; the faltering purpose fixed for a noble work.

A word of encouragement in the hour of trial and difficulty, when the conflict is sharp and severe, and the brave blood-and-fire-man is surrounded by the devouring elements of sin, and almost overwhelmed by the hissing flames of prejudice and bigotry; almost crushed by fierce opposition, yet bravely standing the scorching fires of religious hatred for the Master's sake—will strengthen the weary heart and inspired with fresh devotion and zeal, will go forward to attack, with renewed vigour and with greater success, the tottering mass of sin and corruption.

IS WORRY A SIN?

BY MARA.

THIS question has been an ever recurring one in my mind of late, revolving from side to side, somewhat like the lighthouse beacon on the face of the waters—showing to mariners both east and west, north and south, the dangers that lie hidden from a mere cursory glance, beneath those treacherous waves; and which of my comrades in the great salvation field has not, at some time or other, asked him or herself the very same query, although, perhaps, clothed in different form. Can we not all say, if we tell our deepest experience, that it is on the side of worry, that fear, doubt and discouragement have crept in like thieves in our house, spoiling us of the treasures of a quiet mind, and a restful trust in the God of our salvation. Yet what seems more plausibly permissible than care and anxiety about lawful things, and how many of us have hugged it as though it were a part and parcel of our legitimate and appointed task in the affairs of the great war in which we have sunk every interest in life?

We have not recognized the stratagem of our wily enemy until we found ourselves in such a labyrinth of troubles that we suddenly came to an end of our resources, and realized that help and deliverance were only possible from a higher than human source, and then in shame and confusion had to retrace our steps and learn the lesson once again, so oft returned, alas! If "casting all our care upon Him who careth for us."

But having shown *where* worry almost inveritably leads us, let us examine it more closely and find out whether after all we are right in declaring it to be *actual sin* on the part of the one who indulges in it. Surely the Bible itself can give no uncertain sound on a point where hundreds and thousands are so easily tripped and hindered in their spiritual experience. Does it then coincide, or does it clash with such passages as these, "Be careful for nothing," "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee," "Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established," "Take no thought for your life, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," "Live not in careful suspense," (Luke 12, 29, margin.) "I would have you without carefulness," "Fret not thyself because of evil doers," "Fret not thyself in any wise," "Let not your heart be troubled," "The effect of righteousness is quietness and assurance," "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee," "In quietness and confidence shall be thy strength," "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass," "My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places." "I will trust and not be afraid," "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he," "When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet, for the Lord shall be thy confidence," "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever."

But time and space would fail us. Is not the Bible brimful of such declarations, showing us as plainly as words can express, that the Lord has not destined us to worry all our days, but on the contrary, *commands* us to trust.

Now, what can be more diametrically opposed the one to the other, than these two things, *worry* and *trust?* How can they possibly mix? It is just as impossible as it is for oil and water! The one counteracts the other, so that they are like two opposing forces, which no heart can unite. Where is the quietness and assurance of a calm committal to God in the continual and distressing anxiety to which so many of us yield ourselves, both in connection with our work and our own personal affairs?

Is not being *careful* about everything direct disobedience to the command? And yet a very large proportion amongst us, instead of "casting our cares," carry them, fret over them, work ourselves up into a perfect fever of perplexity, trouble and distress, set them up in our imaginations, as on a pedestal, and by continually looking at them from every point of observation, so magnify and increase their importance that a very mole hill becomes a mountain, and the tiny insignificant circumstances of life, so insupportable, that courage vanishes, and our spiritual progress is at an end, just as if we had been told this was what God required of us, instead of a perfect trust and committal of everything to His hand.

Furthermore, is it not a real insult to His love and solicitude on our behalf when so heedless of His sweet promises "to care for us," and "work all things for our good." We worry indefatigably, and so take the very things we cannot manage out of His hands altogether, and render it impossible for Him to undertake them for us. Man is a free agent and God never forces his will. If we choose, therefore, to bear our own burdens, He cannot bear them for us, for He will either undertake entirely or not at all.

Supposing, for instance, we should pledge a friend to perform some service for us, which we knew him fully qualified to accomplish. He accepted the mission readily, and tells us how pleased he is to be able to show us thus the love he bears us. We know him to be perfectly trustworthy, and infinitely more skilful than ourselves, but, strange to say, we go straight from his presence and set to work at it in our clumsy, awkward way, causing ourselves infinite trouble, weariness and dissatisfaction, and when finally we stand back and survey our labor, we see it is nothing but a spoilt and botchy piece of handiwork, bringing shame and discredit for our pains. At that identical moment our friend steps in, all smiling and eager to fulfil his promise. He looks at us in dismay. Why! I pledged myself to do it for you, and you accepted my offer. Is this all the trust you place in my word?" and he turns away with scalding tears at the insult to his love.

In vain should we stammer an apology. No, no, it was an actual slight. We knew we could not do it, and yet we had not left the matter in his hands, and now our friend was wounded, grieved, hurt, and had turned sadly away. How mean we should feel! How we should despise ourselves! But too late.

It is the devil's lie to make anyone suppose that the Lord wants them to help Him carry our cares and undertake our cause. The only thing He enjoins upon us is "to commit," and we are persuaded with Paul that "He is able to keep that which we commit until that day." There is no verse in the whole Bible which would lead us to suppose He wants to share up our worries, cares and anxieties with us, requiring us to keep some while He looked after the remainder. And yet that is the practical way so many of us are acting daily. What He does command most emphatically is that we should show our love by committing to Him the burden of "all our cares," and that in undisturbed rest and assurance, we should simply "wait upon Him."

But not only is worrying an act of direct disobedience, and an insult to His loving solicitude for us, but more than that it is the actual dishonoring of His promises in the sight of the world. What should we think of a child who, instead of running in and out of his father's house with joyous heart, engaging like his fellows in the simple, artless play adapted to his age, should so far disbelieve and discredit his father's promise to provide for all his wants, as to go round with anxious face telling all his playmates and acquaintances what immense difficulty he foresaw in the daily provision for his daily needs. "Can you not believe your father's word?" we hear from every lip. "Did he not say he would look after all that concerned you?"

"Yes, but I am full of fear. I don't know where my future living is coming from. I dare not leave it to him alone. I must think and calculate and manage for myself, in case he forgets or fails to do it for me." We can hardly picture to ourselves the possibility of any of our children using such language, and yet our Heavenly Father's promises are not less real, nor less comprehensive to understand, than is the earthly parent's provision for his helpless babe. Oh! what reproach is brought on our Father's name by the continued fretting and worrying of those who proclaim themselves to be His children.

What derision, what mocking, what sarcasm does it not open His cause to, when the worldling can turn round and with disdainful finger of scorn point to the promise of God and say, "Are they not worth more than that to you Christians? Must you still worry and be in perpetual anxiety about things He said He would look after for you? Is that what you call trust?" But not only does it appear to us to bring open reproach from the world's point of view, but what should be of deepest moment to the child of God, it thrusts the very dagger of doubt into our Lord's own heart. It gives Him the lie—or in other words says in the most insulting and reproachful of ways, "Your promises are all very good, but we don't believe them to be *bona fide*. We cannot think of trusting to them. We doubt their genuine veracity, doubt their practical bearing in our daily lives, and cannot risk our fortunes by putting them to the test." Ah! worrying child of God—did you ever think that your worry and needless anxiety was piercing the tender, patient, compassionate heart of your Saviour-God thus? Surely not, or you would instantly turn to Him in deepest contrition and implore His forgiveness. And yet we do not think that we have even now estimated at one-half its real guilt the sin of worry.

Ah! but you plead—"It is thoughtless, and we do not mean to insult, or hurt, or disobey Him, and therefore He understands that such is farthest from our thoughts or intentions." True, perhaps; but this does not materially lessen the sin in His pure and righteous eyes. If it is thoughtless as you say, then are you responsible for additional neglect and carelessness, for surely if the Bible is so replete with injunctions to "trust" and "not to fear," etc., etc., it is a proof that our Father deems this lesson *one* if not the first that a child of God should thoroughly learn and master in all its points. How can we enter the Kingdom at all if we do not become "as little children?" How can we grace and adorn that Kingdom befittingly, if after our adoption we fall back to the old ruts of doubt, disbelief and mistrust which aforetime kept us outside? The very first characteristic of a child, even from its birth, is the perfect trust and restfulness which it unconsciously yields to its earthly care-taker. Oh! let Christ then be your care-taker, and refuse henceforth to worry and fret over what ought to be, *must* be (can we not say SHALL be?) left in His hands.

(To be Continued.)

A "RESCUE" SCENE.

M. S. M.

I have purchased the costly ointment,
How dare I venture in?
'Tis the house of the Pharisee Simon,
Who loathes my deep-dyed sin.

I risk all things to see the Master,
To hear His tender voice,
Which tells of forgiveness and healing,
Bidding the sad rejoice.

He reclines at the proud man's table,
The one unhumored guest;
He has loosened alone His sandals,
Quick slaves wait on the rest.

They bring no water to wash His *feet*,
Patient that face Divine!
I believe He *is* the Messiah
Promised to David's line.

On with longing, resistless I press,
Despite their scornful eyes,
I venture behind his couch; He looks
Calm, grave, shows no surprise.

My past looks so black in His presence,
Pardon, dear Lord, I plead
As I fall at His feet in silence,
Lay bare my deepest need.

My burning tears bathe his tired feet,
I wipe them with my hair,
Annointing them as I break the box,
Containing the ointment rare.

How He quells with His tale, proud Simon,
Half shrinking from His gaze!
He is talking about two debtors—
So wondrous are His ways!

To one a great sum was forgiven,
To one a trifling debt;
I can understand the blest story—
My mighty need He met.

"Tell Me, Simon," the Lord asks gravely,
"Of these which will love most?"
"I suppose to whom most was forgiven,"
Says His reluctant host.

His lack of courtesy, the Master shows,
"Your treatment of Me was such—
"Though many her sins they are forgiven,
Because she has loved much."

With gracious pardon He turns to me,
"Thy sins are forgiven, I say
Thy faith hath saved thee, go hence in peace,"
In silence I steal away.

Not away, for surely His presence
Is with me evermore;
Perfect strength in my perfect weakness,
He gives when tempted sore.

I care no longer for human scorn,
Since He has washed me white,
New hope for the future has risen,
With glorious radiance bright.

Oh! What can I now do for Jesus,
To prove my grateful love?
Let me breathe henceforth, but to serve Him,
My God, my Lord above.

OUR arms are waiting in our sanctum to welcome short, spicy, interesting matter that will act like spiritual appetisers to the saved, and bombshell to the unsaved. An open waste-basket is waiting to receive preachments, sermons, sermonettes, and dull, dry life-histories of fifty-two pages quarto. Choose ye this day which shall be the fate of your M.S.

"How the Poor Die!"

This Grand Front-Page Cut and Article will appear in next week's CRY.

EVERYBODY GET ONE!

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 Holiness.

A. B.

TUNE.—*Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.*

DEAR Saviour, I want to be free from all sin,
To feel day by day Thy sweet presence within,
To have Thy blest Spirit bear witness with me,
That I every moment am living like Thee.

CHORUS.

Living like Thee,
Yes, living like Thee,
To know every moment
I'm living for Thee.

Though sometimes the way may be thorny and rough,
Yet faith can rejoice in that "Thou art enough!"
And certain of victory I ever shall be,
I every moment am living like Thee.

Tho' Satan may tell me 'tis useless for me
To think that I ever a saviour can be;
Although I am weak, yet by faith I can see,
The weak are made strong when living like Thee.

So leaning on Thee, I will still follow on,
Resolved at all costs, Lord, to be Thine alone;
The path may be rough, but 'twill bring victory,
And nothing can harm me whilst living like Thee.

2.

TUNE.—*Glory to His name.*

RISE, soldier, rise, and fill thy place,
Up, man, and claim the needed grace,
Thy God will meet thy special case!
Call upon His name.

CHORUS.

Call upon His name,
Call upon His name,
Lift up the prayer of faith to God,
Call upon His name.

Hang not behind with fainting heart,
He counts on thee to do thy part;
Though at the cost a tear may start,
Call upon His name,

Moments like these may come no more,
Closed soon may be the open door;
Then, awful thought, "My chance is o'er,"
Call upon His name.

Think not of loss, but heed the call,
Think of the gain and prostrate fall;
Now freely yield Him up thy all,
Call upon His name.

3 War And Experience.

TUNE—"*John Brown's Body.*"

THE great Salvation Army is invading every town,
And weary hearts will bless it, though 'twill meet with many a frown;
But we will storm the devil's forts, the rebel flag haul down,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Our Army's marching on.

We're rescuing poor sinners to be soldiers for the right,
The Army flag waves over them, they're eager for the fight;
Their past days have been sad ones, but the future will be bright,
If they keep marching on.

We're marching home to glory, soon we'll lay aside our gun,
The battle will be over and the victory be won;
The angels gather round us, and the Master cry, "Well done,"
So we'll keep marching on.

J. P.

4. Never Give In.

TUNE—"*I have a Saviour Who's Mighty to Keep.*"

SOMETIMES my path seems cold and drear,
Sometimes 'tis filled with light;
Sometimes the stormy clouds appear,
Making it dark as night.
But on my Saviour I rely,
For He is ever the same;
Freely He doth my needs supply,
While I confide in His name.

CHORUS.

Though tough be the fighting, we'll never give in,
Never give in! Never give in!
Though tough be the fighting, we'll never give in,
For we of victory are sure.

Sometimes the fighting is hard and tough,
Sometimes 'tis smooth indeed;
But in our Saviour we find enough
Supplies for our every need.
For there is nothing too hard for Him,
He never a battle has lost;
And He will help us the victory to win,
And conquer our foe, though a host.

I'll fear no ill, for the path I tread
Is that which my Master trod;
He goes before me, by Him I'm led,
Upward to heaven and God;
His steps I'll follow, while I have life,
Whatever may go or come;
Suffering or death, or care or strife,
Through Him I shall reach my home.

CAPT. A. G.

5 Salvation.

SERGT. MANN.

TUNE—"'*Twas Jesus.*"

SINNER, hear the loving sound
To your soul, by Satan bound—
Hope for you in Christ is found—
Come, sinner; come, sinner.

CHORUS.

'Tis Jesus calls, His voice obey,
Come as you are, no more delay,
His blood will wash your sins away,
And save you, and save you.

Though you've heard the call before,
Though your heart you've hardened more,
Yet He waits you to restore—
Come, sinner; come, sinner.

Though your sins as mountains rise,
"Mercy still," the Saviour cries,
Now's your time, oh, then be wise—
Come, sinner; come, sinner.

Leave the road that leads to hell,
And the sins you love so well,
If in heaven you mean to dwell—
Come, sinner; come, sinner.

6 Weary of Sin.

STAFF-CAPT. MARSHALL.

TUNE—*He is waiting, pleading, knocking.*

HEART so sad and weary—
Aching sore,
Through the world so dreary,
O, roam in sin no more!

CHORUS.

Come now with your sin and sorrow—
Do not wait!
Lest in hell you find to-morrow
Proved too late!

Jesus waits to give you
Now His rest;
He will now receive you
Unto His loving breast.

All your sins forsaking—
Pardon crave;
Full surrender making,
He will that moment save!

Cease your vain debating—
Just obey;
While the Saviour's waiting,
O, sinner, come away!

7 Following Jesus.

MAJOR R——.

TUNE—*I'm the child of a King.*

MY all I have given to my Saviour and King,
I have kept nothing back, He has got everything:
In the salvation warfare a soldier I am,
When the cross is most heavy I will follow the Lamb.

CHORUS.

I will follow the Lamb, I will follow the Lamb;
With the cross on my shoulder, I will follow the Lamb.

If it costs cruel mockings, sharp nails, thorns, and spear,
If it parts me from friends and from all I love dear,
In the pathway of duty more firmly I'll stand,
If it costs me my life I will follow the Lamb.

If the world's fist should strike me with hard, heavy blows,
For His sake I'm willing my saved life to lose;
Bright crowns for the martyrs He holds in His hand,
If the road's full of thorns, I will follow the Lamb.

If in prison I die, if for righteousness slain,
If the grave is my bed I shall wake up again;
Through desert and Jordan, and Canaan's bright land;
With the life-winning cross I will follow the Lamb.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

Lieut. Clementine Churchill, who came out from Portugal Cove, Nfld., in August, 1887, and has been resting in Toronto some time, promoted to Glory, May 25th.

Lieut Black, of Hastings, to be Capt. at Lakefield.

Cadet Harrington, of Woodstock, to be Lieut. supplying at Port Elgin.

Private Geo. Alexander, of W. Winchester, to be Cadet at Yorkville T. H.

Cadet Gurney, of Winnipeg, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet White, of Winnipeg to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Gage, of Brandon, to be Lieutenant.

Private O'Neil, of Vancouver, to be Cadet at Victoria.

MARRIED.

At the Temple, Toronto, by the Commissioner, on May 24th, Capt. Edwin J. Webb, of Woodstock, Ont., to Capt. Bessie Hinton, late of Toronto XII.

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Headquarters:
Salvation Temple,
Toronto, Ont.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

In accordance with the decision at the recent Staff Council, the collection at each Corps, on the afternoon of the first Sunday in each month, instead of going to the Extension Fund, as in the past, will, in future, be devoted to the Sick, Wounded and Poor Officers' Fund. I am sure I can rely upon all to do their best in this matter. The amount received from each Corps will be published in the WAR CRY.

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Staff Band Meanderings.

WITH THE CHIEF
—AT—
BRAMPTON.

We are glad that the band is still on the war path against sin and the devil. In some respects it is like the ferret, as Col. Dowdle says, never knowing where it will pop up next: one night here, another there, and the next somewhere else.

Well, on Saturday last we made tracks for Brampton, under the command of the Colonel, whom, it is needless to say, every one of the boys love and are always glad to have the chance to be with him.

If any one had looked into any of the different offices in the morning they would have seen the different ones engaged in putting a new coat of whitewash, some one called it, on their helmets, and not to be outdone or out of the fashion, the Chief handed an aged one of his over to go through the mysterious process, and in short order it was returned in a beautiful state of whiteness.

On boarding the train, which only consisted of three cars, we found the first was a smoker, which none of us could stomach, the second a first-class car, full, and the third only a second-class car, which we had to simply content ourselves with.

After the train had got pretty well started we had a very nice time. Nearly all the boys gave their experience, sang solos, and prayed, and the Colonel informed the other people in the car that he was not only on the train to Brampton, but also on the one which would eventually land him inside the pearly gates, and warned them to prepare to meet their God.

On arriving at Brampton we met Lieut. Sugg and Cadet McKay, who is with her while Captain is away on a much needed rest, coming to meet us with three or four soldiers. Not having brought the drum with them we marched to the open-air stand playing without one, and from there to the barracks, where we found a very good crowd and had a very enjoyable meeting. The boys soloed and spoke, and the converted German sang us, "Calvary's stream is flowing," in German, and the Chief brought the meeting to a close.

As usual on our trips with him, instead of holding a knee-drill in the barracks we went for a march around the town at 7 o'clock, and many a head was stuck out of a door and window to see what the unusual sound of a band parading the streets between 7 and 8 o'clock Sunday morning was, and I am afraid if we had heard some of the folk's opinions on the desecration of the beautiful Sabbath morning and their nice sleep we might have heard something very uncomplimentary, for if, as the old Presbyterian said, "it was no day to be whistling," what would he have said to us playing at that unknown hour; but, nevertheless, it had the effect intended, for we had good crowds morning, afternoon, and night especially, when the barracks was packed.

We had a march again before the holiness meeting, which was a good spiritual time. The Colonel introduced the boys as they spoke or sang and explained their work at Headquarters, and at the close a woman came out to the penitent form.

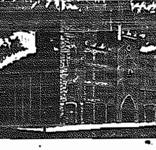
As the weather was warmer in the afternoon we stripped off our tunics and went for the open-air in our guernseys. Lieut. Madden led off inside with, "Oh, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb." Fred Pople sang, "My, what a surprise." The Chief then read for the lesson the narrative of the man sick of the palsy being let down through the roof of the house in which Jesus was holding a meeting, and expressed the opinion that if the Salvation Army had existed then the men who brought him would have been Salvationists, as they considered any means justifiable by which men might be brought to Jesus. Lieut. Freidrick related a part of his wonderful experience and conversion and the meeting was brought to a finish.

At night, instead of a march we had a soldiers' and band boys' prayer meeting, when God came very near and blessed our souls richly. The band played a selection before the meeting, which Col. Bailey commenced with No. 25, "Come to the Saviour ye sin-burdened children of men." Some of the boys were called on for their testimonies, and Fred, Little Bob, Winnipeg Frank, and the converted Baker, responded. Capt. Wood sang, "At the Cross, where I first saw the light." Col. read, and Capt. Wood and Lieut. Madden spoke, and Bruno brought the meeting to a close by urging the people to an immediate surrender to the claims of Jesus, but none would yield.

We were to have held a meeting on Monday afternoon and then to have gone on to Georgetown for the night meeting, but owing to the funeral of our promoted comrade, Lieut. Churchill, these had to be postponed, very much to our regret.

We shall be very glad to visit Brampton again and renew our acquaintance with the kind friends there, and although the fight is hard we believe there is victory ahead for the corps.

G. W.



Headquarters' Happenings

BY ONE IN IT.

I expect it will be a long time before we forget those marches and meetings and that banquet on the 24th. Talk about the S. A. being dead, if anyone needed an answer, that march from Richmond St., to the Temple and more particularly the one from the Temple at night was enough to silence anyone. The band, over 50 strong, playing good music, and those solid ranks, four deep, and stretching away down the street, were eye-openers for some folks.

* * *

And wasn't that banquet a "happening" with those eight long tables full and lots not able to sit down. Altogether, between eight and nine hundred people partook of the good things. But the last part of the business was the speechifying afterwards, when Messrs Gooderham, Duncan, Commissioner, and Mrs. Coombs spoke. How loud some the people did eat when the speech-making was going on, it was indeed very hard to hear what was said till dear Mrs. Coombs got up to speak and then, I believe the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop, so quiet was everybody.

* * *

Commissioner and Staff-Capt. Welton were to Oshawa, Saturday, and Bowmanville Sunday, where Brig. Capt. Moss had held forth on Saturday. On Monday he proceeded along to Warkworth to present colors, Tuesday at Campbellford to assist the pushing Campbells, Wednesday, Madoc, for another presentation of colors.

* * *

Staff-Capt. Read, the WAR CRY man, was to Barrie, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, for special meetings, and of course will report himself. Capt. Fletcher, Trade Department, went to Lindsay in place of the Field Secretary, who was taken sick Saturday morning and is not yet restored. Everybody please pray for our little Major that God will bring him back to his little corner in good health.

* * *

The Chief Secretary and Staff Band proceeded to Brampton for Saturday and Sunday meetings, and had good times. They should have gone to Georgetown for Monday, but as Commissioner was away the Colonel had to return to Toronto to conduct the funeral ceremonies of Lieut. Churchill, however, we understand he has promised Georgetown a Saturday and Sunday, which we trust will make up for the disappointment.

* * *

Sunday afternoon at Brampton one of the boys was singing, "my what a surprise," The Chief told the people that it was a good tune to rock their babies to sleep with, at which of course the "boys" laughed. The Chief said if they (the people) knew what the boys were laughing at, perhaps they would laugh too, but he did not proceed to enlighten them on the subject. Of course the boys thought he had had some experience in testing the tunes' good qualities on that line.

* * *

The arrival of the little lassie, with the "pair of small, but evidently strong lungs," at the Colonel's house, although it did not happen at Headquarters', yet we consider it a Headquarters Happening, as no doubt it will have an influence on Headquarters directly or indirectly for already there is a very fatherly look come into the Colonel's face, no doubt he will find it nice to be well saved when that pair of lungs gets into good working order.

* * *

Its pretty hard in recording the "happenings" to steer clear of the "Observatory" man and the "War Notes" man and the "Chips" man and the other people who are always on the look out for tid bits, yet we manage to do it without causing any friction. Hallelujah!

TIT TRIUMPHS

—IN THE—

Training Home Division.

Yorkville Anniversary was a live concern. You will have seen and read the full report by "G. W." The sight of those four saintly old veterans on the platform and the grand testimonies they gave to God's saving and keeping power was blessed. Three of the converts saved the Sunday night previous were on the march and in the meetings, and what could be a more fitting wind-up than to see three more precious souls seek and find Christ? But this occurred after a great number of the people had left. Moral—If you want to see all, stay and help fight the prayer meeting through.

* * *

West Toronto had its colors handed to them by our much-beloved Commissioner. Bro. Gooderham, Major Glover, and Staff-Capt. Walton, together with the staff band, were to the front. Clouds of dust greeted us on the way there and showers of rain, while a fair share of mud, came to cheer us on the way home. "Luther" and his hallelujah wife have taken hold here lately and the promise of another shower drops already from above.

* * *

Our numbers are swelling sure. Eight more soldiers enrolled at Lisgar Street the following night. Four wee soldiers were also dedicated to God and the war.

* * *

Said one convert, "The blessing and peace I have in the service of God is simply outrageous." This is a new version anyway.

Brantford is the next battle ground. Staff-Capt. Walton and I with our comrades there put in a real good three days of blessing and power. One brother came back to the fold. Six comrades were enrolled and six sergeants commissioned for special duty. Conviction was in the meetings. Five comrades put up their hands for prayer and many more were real miserable; but to get them to decide—well, they would not, but you will of course read my colleague's report.

* * *

Our friends are rallying for the help of the Training Homes. We have to thank Bro. Webster, of Riverside, for potatoes, parsnips, beets, onions, and rhubarb; and friends at Richmond Street for eggs, biscuits, and tea, for the Lippincott Home, and Mother is believing that there's more to follow.

* * *

Hallelujah weddings seem to be pretty thick in these latitudes lately. There's one thing, if every officer and soldier who follows suit are as out-and-out as our Sister Spence and Bro. Hiscock in the matter of uniform, it will reflect much to the credit of the S. A. Tom says, "This is the third time I have got married. The first time I got married to Jesus, the second time to the S. A., and now, thank God, I am married to a Salvationist." God bless them both.

* * *

Visiting is the lever to lift a corps. Capt. Milner has put in 10½ hours, and Captain Makin 10 hours as well as a good go at WAR CRY selling, and the fact that they attended both the lectures this week at Riverside, was very good. Capt. Roberts, 22 hours; and Capt. Clark keeps up the steam with 23½. That's good, comrades, keep it up.

* * *

I was delighted to hear that they had a good number of brigades in the open air at Lippincott Street on Sunday night, and when they had all met at the barracks and got things going a brigade was despatched to bombard the foe in the open-air while the meeting rolled on inside. I was moreover pleased to hear that this is going to be kept up and increased. Two souls was the result on Sunday night.

* * *

That's the kind of thing for Toronto. What other corps are going to run on this track? It's the way to victory, sure.

* * *

The Wednesday holiness meetings are times of real blessed intercourse with the King. We shall be glad to see you. Come, and get a blessing.

Yours, to fight and win,
J. E. MARGETTS.

Staff-Capt. McHardy

And Howell-ing Tom.

Their visit to Strathroy—26 Prisoners—The B's Stinger—'Good-bye Bangs—Dangerously ill—A Wonderful Jubilee—Souls! souls!! souls!!!

When Capt. New received word from Headquarters, that myself and Captain Howell were coming to spend another week with him and his dear comrades of the Strathroy corps he could hardly believe it. "Why its only a few weeks since they were here, surely this is a mistake!" but on further inquiry being made he found that it was correct and if any one doubted the hand of God in arranging this appointment, all doubt must have vanished when the news reached them that 26 weary and heavy laden sinners were found at the feet of a pardoning God seeking forgiveness of sin.

A few notes of the 8 days' meetings may be of interest to the "War Cry" readers. Asking God to help me make them short and interesting, I commence.

From the first meeting on Friday night God was with us in blessed mellowing, melting, convicting and saving power. We sang at this meeting—

"Lo the promise of a shower drops already from above,
But The Lord is going to pour all the spirit of His love.

The question was asked. All who believe God is going to do this say 'amen?' and the volley that followed went direct to my soul, and with it came the assurance that He was going to open the windows of heaven and empty out a blessing, such as we should not have room enough to contain, and He did it, bless Him. Our faith was tested somewhat on Saturday, when we closed the meeting without anyone being saved, but we were cheered by the good crowd which had gathered together to hear of Jesus, also the testimonies from some who were saved when we were here some few weeks ago, brought blessing to our souls. "War Cry" readers will remember me writing about a man who came to one of our meetings when we were here before to hear the sermon on the 4 B's, and who got stung so badly that he went home weeping. Well, this man got the stinger taken out the evening after we left, and he now carries the colors. Hallelujah!

Capt. Smith and some old London East soldiers were with us on Sunday, and a backslider who came along with them came back to the fold in the afternoon meeting and four more in the evening. We had to put seats down the aisles at the afternoon and evening meetings so great was the crowd. A man and his wife were at the penitent form together on Sunday morning.

They commence the holiness meeting here at 10:30 on Sunday morning, and march out at 10 o'clock, in time to catch the people on the way to church. I think this is a good plan, as it allows more time between the morning and afternoon meetings. I had a few words with a man who walked eight and a half miles in order to get to the meeting on Sunday. There were nearly 60 in the march on Sunday afternoon, and some of us got a good wetting, as the rain came down in torrents as we marched to the barracks.

I went to Stratford on Monday to see the Commissioner, and when I returned the next day I was cheered by hearing that three souls had been saved while absent, and that they had had a proper wind up. It rained Tuesday evening, but that did not hinder the people coming, nor prevent God saving. The subject for this meeting was, "a voice from heaven to hell and back again," and the penitent form was full from one end to the other with seeking souls, 10 in all. We wound up about 12 o'clock, weary in the war, but not of it.

I noticed the girls who got saved, helping one another to push their bangs back and tuck them away under their hat, I trust never to cover their intelligent foreheads again.

At our afternoon holiness meeting God came very near, especially to one dear fellow, who laughed and cried at the same time, and said he was not sorry he had missed half a day's work to come to this meeting. Capt, Fortner from St. John, N. B. lent us a hand during this meeting, and he says he had a fat and mellow soul. Another soul at the penitent form on Wednesday evening.

A young girl who got saved on Monday and who testified from the platform on Wednesday, was taken suddenly and dangerously ill on Thursday. I visited her, and on leaving asked if she was happy and ready if Jesus called her, she said "all is well."

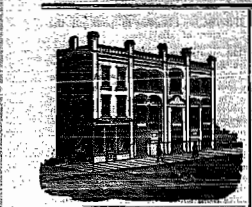
What a day we had on the 24th! I suppose Major Morris will report, but I cannot help saying a word about the jubilee meeting in the evening. The barracks was jammed to the doors and we had one of the best jubilees I have attended for some time, and we wound up about 12 p. m., with 7 sinners at the penitent form.

Oh, how I have enjoyed myself among my dear comrades here. What a warm hearted lot of christians there are at Strathroy, and how mother and father Steer did make a fellow feel at home and welcome while under their roof. May God bless you all.

I advise all the young converts to join the S. A. and all the old ones to help and encourage them all they can.

We are now hard at it in the town of Watford. Everybody pray for God to give us victory.

BOB MCHARDY.



Training Home Scraps.

Praise God for His saving power. He has wonderfully poured out His Spirit on us this week at the Home and on the street in the open-air. He so came upon us Saturday night that we could scarcely stop praising Him. One of the boys lay on the floor shouting praises to Him, while others could not keep still, but had to let God have His way and walked around praising Him. The Lord is filling the Home with Himself and is making everything and everybody in it "holiness unto the Lord." Candidates, don't be afraid of the Home, as it is a heaven below to me. Yours to go every step of the way.—Cadet H——.

* * * *

The Lord truly has been with us the past week, victory all the way, hallelujah! Was at the outpost Saturday night and Sunday, the Lord was with us in power, and the result was four precious souls at His feet, all glory to our God. Walked home this morning, five and a half miles. Although very tired, I feel well paid for it because I do it all for Jesus. I am going on to do my utmost to pull down the devil's kingdom.—Cadet T——.

* * * *

While selling WAR CRYS the other day I called in a grocer store and asked the lady to buy a WAR CRY. She said "no I don't like the Army though I know it has done a lot of good for there was a man owed me a big bill. I thought I was never going to get it, but he got converted in the Salvation Army, and it was not long after that he came and paid his debt. Thank God for a salvation that makes a person honest.—Cadet F——.

* * * *

The other day while WAR CRY selling, I met a lady who said "God bless you! I'll take a paper, my heart yearns when I meet one of you." Another said, "don't forget my CRY I don't know how I would spend Sunday without it." A Catholic man says, "I'll take a paper, while I can't believe in your God, yet, I believe you are doing a good work." Hallelujah! We are going in to push the CRY more than ever. Yours to live for God and souls.—Cadet L. T——.

* * * *

I asked a woman to buy a WAR CRY. She answered "no I am too good a christian to read such a paper." Is that so? how is that? Oh there is so much slang in it. Where do you find it my sister? You talk so much about driving the devil. Are you saved? If you are saved! I would not dare to say I was saved, I will know that when I stand before God and not before. God bless you, you can know it before them I am afraid if you leave it until then you will stand a poor chance. Will you buy a WAR CRY? No I would be afraid of my children getting hold of it and I would not like to corrupt their minds with it. They get Sunday school papers and there is nothing about driving the devil in them. Well, good afternoon cister. God bless you get saved! I said to Cadet as we were coming out "she wants a great big devil driven out of her heart."

* * * *

A Lieutenant said, "Some people are like a thistle. It grows up and blossoms; the seed falls and then the man comes along and cuts off the top, but the seeds are still in the ground. So it is with some people, they try to cut the top rise off but the seeds of sin lie still there.—Ensign G——.

* * * *

When I sell the War Cry selling a person asked me if I was not afraid of starving in this Salvation Army. Starving? Why, no. I have more faith in God then that. The reply was, "Well, then, being as your faith runs so high I will buy a WAR CRY from you." Just so, the Lord always helps His children. Amen—CADET H——.

* * * *

Thursday evening! There goes the bell, and seven or eight of us Training Home girls scamper downstairs (and oh, such a lot of stairs) and our dear little "mother" goes as all kneeling round her for prayers, and off we go for the Waterloo Street barracks—our fighting ground. We had a good march although there were not many of us. God was our leader, and He did not leave us after the march, but went right into the building with us. We felt His presence there, we could feel His spirit working mightily but no one would yield, although we feel sure some were "almost persuaded." We had done our part, we had "lifted up" Jesus.—CADET

* * * *

One man told us "He knew all about us and our paper, and he could tell us more than we knew." Another, as he took his cigar out of his mouth when we wanted him to buy one, asked, "How much would you take for the lot?" We counted our CRYS and told him we could have them for thirty-five cents, and our hearts nearly danced at the prospect (for we had taken out eleven and only sold four.) Imagine our dismay when he told us he "did not think he would take any to-day," and smilingly walked away. So we could only smile and pass on with our arm and our heart no lighter than before we met him. CADET S——.

* * * *

On Sunday afternoon, May 18th, the Cadets from Yorkville and Lippincott Street held the first of the series of open-air meetings which are to be held in Queen's Park, Toronto, during the summer months. The people gathered around us and seemed so interested in all that was said and done; the drum-head collection amused them very much, and for a few minutes there was quite a shower of silver, and, and it was not long before we had over five dollars. While the crowd were throwing the money Staff-Capt. Banks said, "Who says the people of Toronto do not love the S. A.?" Praise God in spite of slanders, misrepresentation, &c., the Lord is bringing us off more than conquerors. Hallelujah! There was great liberty in testimony, and several outsiders spoke. Mrs. Major Glover joined us and earnestly desired the people to get their souls saved. Staff-Capt. Banks read a portion of the Word, and after Capt. Taylor had urged the people to decide for Christ, we went into the prayer meeting. None yielded, but we believe that some numbers convicted, and we this summer is o'er, we will see many souls saved through these open-air meetings. Amen. CADET E. A. M——.

* * * *

Our visits to the jail have not been in vain. Last night a—r the meeting a man came and shook me by the hand and asked me if I remembered him. He had been drinking for nineteen years. While in prison he was led to think about his soul. The last seven years he had spent behind the gray bars and he was praising God. He was not only set at liberty from prison but from sin also. Hallelujah! "May God keep him faithful," is my prayer.—Cadet E. B——.

* * * *

While out selling WAR CRYS on Monday God helped and blessed us, and though we met with a few discouragements yet we met it all down to the devil, who is always growing at us. Tuesday afternoon finde us out selling for our new barracks, and although the devil tried to discourage us yet we went on and did our best in spite of him. He told one woman to tell us that she would like to drum us out of the city, but he will find it no easy task to drive us out of us so he may as well stop his fooling. A boy received from one of the stores made us a good purse and we took some standing room in a seed preaching as well as we could for our new barracks, and in a little by a small dog which ran in the ring bark and barking quite a row. We did our best to warn those standing by of the danger of neglecting their soul's salvation and then left the result with God.—Cadet O——.

* * * *

The God whom we serve is Almighty to save and to keep. Hallelujah! Although the fighting has been a little hard, as we have not seen as much victory as we would like, yet, praise God, we have been enabled by His grace to fight on still believing that victory is sure, and yesterday morning at knee-drill our hearts were made to rejoice by seeing one precious soul falling at the foot of the Cross, where, as he cried for mercy his burden all rolled away and he was able to rise to his feet and sing.—Cadet N. A——.

Burned Documents, Blighted Hopes!

"Your train don't start for forty minutes!" So, it being a foggy, frosty morning, I gave up watching the expresses dash past, and studying the way trains are shunted up and down, and turned to find a warm stove in the first-class waiting-room.

There was only one woman in the room, and she was sitting by the stove.

"A cold morning," I observed, drawing up my chair.

This not very original observation seemed at once to break the ice—and, the woman, coming a little nearer, began to tell me her errand, her troubles, and all the rest.

She was on her way to the hospital, to see her little boy, who had been taken there the day before with a broken leg.

"Yes, I am worried about him, poor little thing; but he isn't my greatest sorrow—there's Charley—" and then a pause and a sigh.

"What About Charley?"

I asked, but it didn't seem so easy for her to tell me. The fall on the ice, the broken leg, the painful journey to the hospital had all been described right off; but Charley seemed a deeper and harder sorrow. But by degrees, bit by bit, I began to see it.

A little shelf in the cottage kitchen—a little shelf high up, seldom reached and dust-covered. And on that shelf, lying useless and unloaded, an Army gun, a cornet, and a well-worn song-book. "They were once his greatest treasures," and the lines in her face grew deeper, and a mist came into her eyes as she stared into the fire;

"But Now He Never Touches Them. He has lost all heart for them."

"He is a good boy still, but he isn't what he was once. He used to sing, and be so happy, and how he used to go to the meetings! He never does.

"Play to me, Charley,' his little brother, the one nearer in the hospital' used to say, and he always made an excuse. He's unhappy, he's sad, he's never been the same since—since"—and her voice gets still more hard and despairing, "And he says it's all my fault!"

"Since when? You surely did not make him backslide? Are you saved yourself?" and my hand finds its way on to her hard-clenched fingers.

"No, I'm not, but I want my children to be."

"Well, you didn't hinder him from going to the meetings?"

"No, oh no. I liked him to go. I liked him to belong to them. It made him a better boy at home; but, you see, he wanted to join them, to be one of them. I don't know what you call it, but to go along with them like, and I could not stand that."

"There was a power. I saw it all now. It was very clear. I kneeled down, tears were falling slowly down her cheeks. Poor thing; her own way

Had Not Brought Much Sweetness

With It!

"Why would not you let him go?"

"Charley has never been very strong, you see, and I had heard such tales—the sleep on the floor, have bread only to eat, and I could not stand his ever being so put to it. So I set my face against it, and made his father say 'No,' too.

"One day as he was going off, he says, 'Mother, if some papers come for me from Toronto, you'll keep them for me, won't you?'

"Keep them? I'll put them right into the stove; that's how I'll keep them!' I answered, and he turned off so sad-like.

"Some lads he knew went just then up to Toronto for good, and their going seemed to make it worse for him. They'd Christmas or something now, and he's they write home, and he gets to hear the letters, it seems to make him more restless than ever.

I Wish, now I'd done Different!

I do wish I'd let him go."

"Well," I suggested, "can't you tell him so, and let him go, it's not too late, we still need officers."

"That's just where it is," she interrupted, with a sob; "he's lost all the wish for it now; he don't care to go, and he turns and says, 'Mother, *it's your doing*, and *it does not one for I know it's true. I have spoil his life for him.*'

"Twin goes in two minutes," puts in a conductor, so we rise—my heart sad, longing to help and comfort, and not knowing how.

"Yes, yes. I know all you say," she answers, as I tell her of a Saviour who is not turned away, but waits to pardon and to save.

"I will take a 'War Cry,' thank you. My little boy will like it in the hospital, and we part and the story of Charley finds in my soul, and I wonder how many souls—Charley's twin, set up and down throughout our country, and how many more broken hearts saying, "If I'd only not hindered him!"

What She Thinks of the "War Cry."

[NOTE.—The following letter has just been received. We give it to our readers, as an instance of what is being done through the "Cry."—ED.]

MR. EDITOR,—I want to read the "War Cry" regularly for six months or more, and profited from reading it more than I can express. And to-night, as I was reading the history of General Booth, I felt guilty that I never had acknowledged to the War Cry what a great benefit the reading of its pages has been to me.

We have a Salvation ball in our town and always two faithful officers, but sometimes they are removed too soon, just when we like them so well, but then those who come in their place we like just as well when we get acquainted. I sometimes think that being converted—that is, converted in S. A. style—makes us bolts, Irish and Scotch, warm hearted as the Irish and clannish as the Scotch. Anyway, I thank the Lord for sending the Army to our town, and I pray that the Editor and those who contribute to the pages of the "War Cry" may be enabled to do still greater things for it. I think the "War Cry" is without any exception the best religious paper in Canada, and I have read quite a number. I am always was a religious person in a sort, but now I am well saved, not in a half and half sort of way like I was before I met the S. A. and the "War Cry."

I am not a soldier, but I am *one in my heart and pocket*, and I often wish that the S. A. would send some one with a double share of the Holy Ghost, who would compel the people to believe and be converted in greater numbers, but then I think of Luke 16, 31.

Yours sincerely, J. M.

MY EXPERIENCE.

"WE ARE AS MUCH ON THE SIDE OF THE DEVIL AS WE ARE."

Kind friends if you will listen
Then I will try to tell,
Of how, though once sin-blighted,
I'm saved from endless hell.
This is how it happened, friends,
And you will plainly see,
That tho' I once was bound in sin,
Thank God, to-day I'm free.

[Repeat last two lines.

While standing on the corner
One day, I heard a noise,
I did not go inquiring,
I knew well what it was;
It was the noisy Army folks
Out in the open air,
They said their hearts was cleansed from sin
And Christ was dwelling there.

I followed to the barracks,
Went into a front seat,
The devil whispered to me,
"My lad, you'd best retreat,
For if you get converted,
You will have to march and sing,
Of course, you're too respectable
To think of such a thing."

I longed to be just like them—
Set free from every sin;
I knew that Christ would save me,
But would not then give in.
When I left the hall I came
I'd keep away from them,
But then the next night found me in
The same old hall again.

The power of God was with them,
Their words went to my heart—
Poor weary trembling sinner,
For heaven make a start;
Come to the precious fountain,
And bathe your weary soul,
Then from your heavy burdened heart
The load of sin will roll.

It was then I came to Jesus,
No longer did I stray,
Down at the cross of Calvary
For mercy I did pray.
He saved my soul and set me free,
All glory to His name,
And now, with all my heart and soul,
I'll spread abroad His fame.

Now, won't you come to Jesus,
You who by sin are bound,
In love He wants to save you,
With Him is pardon found.
Come, join our noble Army,
And make the heavens ring
With praises to our blessed Lord,
Who did our souls redeem.

CADET WM. FLAWS,
Hespeler, Man.

Save Poor Dave!

NOTE.

"Give me strength, O Lord, to overcome, and save poor Dave." It was only the prayer of a poor drunken tramp—a veritable prodigal son, bearing the marks of the swine-troughs of sin, and the husks of a Godless life about with him, but the agony and earnestness of the man's voice were unmistakable and indescribable. He told us he had been fighting against the Spirit of God all day, longing to be free, yet trying to drown the voice of God in his soul with beer, and not succeeding he came to the Salvation Army barracks in the town of P——. Who he was or where from no one seemed to know. He spoke only of himself as Dave, poor Dave, the son of a man who had preached Christ for thirty-four years. His home was a home where God was honored and worshipped, a Christian home. And that night their wandering boy stood confessing his unhappiness and his sin, acknowledgment being made, "I seemed possessed with a devil," he said, "and have wandered over America, and nearly the whole universe, and have found no peace outside the religion of Jesus Christ."

For twenty years he served God, and spoke of Him to others, but fell through his appetite for strong drink. What a warning, what a sermon, what a temperance lecture, with a living illustration of facts! and in broken, trembling, scarcely sober words, he told of longing for a kind word from some one, this poor drunken Dave, this wanderer from God drowning his misery in more misery, sold at five cents a glass in some of the licensed hells that meet you at every turn.

But the testimonies and prayers are over, and the captain leads Dave to the penitent-form. His arm is over his shoulder, and Dave has found kind words, and comfort, and Christ-like compassion, and Dave is praying earnestly, agonizingly, to God for strength to conquer self, that poor battered, ruined, strengthless self. "Lord save and strengthen me, and I promise never again to forsake you," and then in reverend tones he repeats the Lord's prayer. God grant that his prayer was heard, and may every Christian who reads this pray for Dave his own prayer, "God save poor Dave."

Not House but Barrack Cleaning.

How They do Things in St. John

In glancing over the St. John T——I noticed the following local: "Yesterday the old bowling alley, S.A. barracks, (St. John No. 1 Corps,) Sydney Street, received a coat of red and blue paint," and being interested in the Army and the work they do, I made it my business to call around and see for myself what alterations were being made.

To my astonishment I learned that the captain and his cadet had already spent considerable time attempting to improve the exterior part of the barracks, (better known as the bowling alley,) and their attempt was not in vain.

It would do you good, Mr. Editor, to gaze upon it just for a moment. The bright yellow and red, together with the pale blue (being the only colors used), is quite a change, and makes one feel like a stearing window they would or was.

Upon reaching the first door, I found a young man on guard. No meeting tonight, but being well known, I was permitted to enter. The scene inside was one of life. Mops and buckets were in abundance, while pail after pail of water was dashed upon the barracks floor, and all set to work with a will.

The Sergeant-Major was hard at it, accompanied by several sergeants, who worked like stagers. In the corner near the door I noticed three or four young men equally as busy. I learned upon enquiry that they were all backsliders, but couldn't stay away from the barracks, even on such an occasion as this.

Upon reaching the second flat I found the scene equally as lively. Had I only had several of my critic friends along with me, how pleased I would have been. I soon distinguished the good natured captain, who had been formerly dubbed an old cap and guernsey, and was busy washing the wall white, or as some call it, "white-washing."

In another part I observed the WAR CRY Sergeant assisting at the same job. Yes, the head sergeant was there with several of the boys, and altogether I was soon impressed with the fact that they meant business. It done me good, and I shall feel more than ever like being in my accustomed seat.

Could not other corps take a lesson, Mr. Editor, and follow suit?

P.S.—The lassies were also there in full force, and seemed to be doing their part well. Yours,

A REGULAR ATTENDANT.

BRANTFORD ROUSED.

Major Margetts and Staff-Capt. Walton to the Front.

STIRRING TIMES.

When Major Margetts proposed that I should spend a week and (that is Saturday night, Sunday, and Monday) at Brantford I can assure you it was good news, and as in the killing war it is necessary to keep some at home to look after stores and equipments, uniforms, etc., and as I have been among the stay at homes and work behind the scenes for some two years and a half the smell of a brush with the enemy in the open field was enlivening.

Now, then, Saturday 2.30 drop the tape, square, and shears, good-bye, and Union Station is the rendezvous. Just in time. Ah, there's the little Major, and away we go. Pleasant run to Hamilton. All change, and soon we are running along the crest of the hills overlooking the valley where Dundas nestles, surrounded by the luxuriance of spring foliage just blooming into summer splendor. Here comes the "newsboy."

"Major, that lad got saved in the London barracks." I grip his hand. "How are you? Are you saved?"

"No."

"How is that?" And then, oh, the sad tale of sleepless nights and miserable days, the struggle to shake off conviction, the fighting against the striving of God's spirit. My heart went out in praise to God for His saving power, and after a few earnest words we parted to meet, where? May God bless the few words we spoke and lead conviction upon every backslider until they shall be glad to leave the broken cistern and come again to the Fountain of Living Water.

Brantford, and on the platform smiling uniformed soldiers give us a welcome, and soon we are in the quarters. Refresh the inner man, and then, packed pretty close into a wagon, the Major, Training Home Mother and her children, and a band of soldiers, away we go for Mount Pleasant. Soon we are on the march and at any rate we astonish some peaceful looking cows.

In the little hall we had quite a fair audience, but owing to the heat it was much more pleasant outside. Quite a lively meeting and as the close came a good number were standing outside. But, oh, the terrible indifference, and saved or damned is the only alternative.

Knee-drill the Major's lesson on prayer illustrated by Jacob, God blessed to every soul.

March before holiness meeting grand, pretty near all round the city and a blessed time inside, and again the Major's reading was specially blessed.

Afternoon meeting the power of God rested on me in a special manner, glory to His name, as I gave my experience, and Major spoke with power, but no visible results. Oh, what power the soul has to resist God, and there is a very busy clever devil in Brantford.

Night march and open-air by the depot, good. English Major, some of his blood and fire companions made it hot for the devil.

In the barracks as the Major brought the Great White Throne and God's books of record, conscience and memory, God spoke through him, the words seemed to burn, and as he asked God to help me I felt the power of God again and I spoke in the Spirit and they had the truth straight and decisive, and although a good number remained all the visible results was one lad got put right and we are sure many went away with conviction to their hearts.

Monday a little visiting. Cordial welcome all round and a right happy time.

Night meeting an enrolment of soldiers and commissioning sergeants. The Major's reading of the ruler had the closest attention. Lots of soldiers "amendment of prayer, one, as she expressed it, "I'm a backslider." Lots were newly painted, and talking. The song from the red-hot cockney of Liggicott Street corps, Toronto, and the Major's new banjo song went slick.

A good number stayed to the prayer meeting. God had hold of them. We fought it out until 11 o'clock, and although hands were raised in response to the Major's invitation none came to the "scratch," and we closed the meeting in the barracks and had another meeting in the quarters with a soul, whose unfaithfulness has been grieving God and blocking the work. We hung on till just midnight and time must show the depth of the work accomplished.

Brig.-Capt. Grayson has the love and confidence of the Brantford people and the kindness and thoughtful care shown by her and the T. H. lasses impressed me very much. Hallelujah! Brantford is on the rise.

STAFF-CAPT. WALTON.

Small Shot

Go and awake men to a sense of their danger.

Our hope, our strength, our everything is in keeping on fighting.

Make up your mind that you always have more than you deserve.

The glory of the Crown will be in exact proportion to the weight of the Cross.

"Send the Salvation Army," is the cry wherever we turn.

A grain of holy power is worth more to the church than a thousand tons of anything else.

Never look again with careless gaze on one soul with whom you are thrown into contact.

It is beautiful to be a Salvationist.

Can a jewelled hand lift the Cross on high?

Soon shall our colors wave over land and sea.

We want sanctified humanity, not sanctiminoniness.

Mind the little things.

The devil is not particular how he can stop our usefulness.

The whole work of Christ was aimed at the salvation of men's souls.

Love makes everything easy.

We want in this age, above all wants, God's holy fire.

We must fight in conscious co-operation with our great Commander.

No home on earth have I, no nation owns my soul.

Unbelief and neglect of prayer generally go together as preventing spiritual power.

God's wisdom is as great as His power.

Idols would not be idols if they were not beloved.

If you would be strong in battle you must be pure in heart.

How often did Jesus stand alone for you?

The conquest of the nations is a herculean business.

A night of prayer might fill you with power from on high.

There can be no other dying love than that which causes the real dying.

Look up while you fight.

You would have won some victory today if you had been obeying God.

God never deserts those who stand by Him.

Leap off the poor old stranded wreck of your own effort, into the glorious life-boat.

Neutrality in the judgment day will be impossible.

The spirit in which men go to war has much more to do with their success than weapons.

Has not Jesus by His blood consecrated every spot on earth to soul-saving purposes?

My comrades, let us be kind to one another.

Do you choose on earth with them your Shekinah-bed?

Christ is our Lord and of good power.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.]

outburst of love and gratitude to God, and of praise to Him for His goodness and help during the past five years. In addition to our friends who were present at the afternoon meeting, we were pleased to see Mr. McLean upon the platform.

Called upon to say a few words, by the Chairman, Mr. Gooderham, he said he was quite as much in love with the S. A. as ever, and, as he expected to be visiting England shortly, one of the first things he intended to do when he arrived there was to go to General Booth and say, "General, Commissioner Coombs is one of the best men in Toronto, and the very best you could possibly have sent to Canada." (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Gooderham spoke at some length. Space prevents us giving his remarks verbatim. Dealing with a few of the misrepresentations that had been made, he said: "I know the officers of the S. A. I have written to one, whose photo I have in my hand, and this is the one they said had been neglected and had died in the hospital. She replied to my letter and also sent me this photo and told me how she became sick. Was struck by some ruffian with a stone while marching in Quebec. As to being neglected, this was cruelly false. She had been treated with every kindness and everything possible had been done for her. He said, I know Commissioner Coombs. As to his house being palatial, it is worth about $18 per month. It is furnished as luxuriantly as any mechanic's. The Chief of Staff I am also acquainted with. His *palatial residence* is next door to a butcher shop, and if you were not very careful you would make a mistake and enter it instead of his house. The furniture is of the plainest description, and any laboring man could afford to live in just as good a house. (Sensation and prolonged applause.) So you see, friends, what the facts of the case really are. I have now very great pleasure in introducing Commissioner Coombs. The Commissioner was received with an outburst of applause and spoke as follows:—

My dear comrades and friends, I have almost got out of the way of saying "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," so that I will say to-night "My dear Mr. Gooderham, and my dear Comrades and *friends*," I am glad to be here to-night. I have had to listen to some things said concerning myself, and I may have to say some few things concerning myself to-night which I would very much rather not do. If anything gives me joy it is to know that in some little way I may have been helpful to some poor soul seeking light, and it seems to me, my dear sir, that I could have no greater honor than that, to help some poor soul from darkness into the marvelous light of God. I could not have any greater joy than that, because there is no greater joy after a man has got forgiveness of sins himself and has been brought into communion with Christ; there can be no greater joy I say than the joy of helping others into like condition and position which I am enjoying here to-night.

There are a few things I would like to say. I remember reading a few weeks ago in a city newspaper that somebody would enquire into my antecedents, I am not sure whether it was into mine, or the antecedents of my comrades. Anybody anxious to know me, to know what I was before I was converted,

HOW I WAS BROUGHT UP.

what I used to live on, the church I used to attend, the way I used to conduct myself, can get full particulars any day they desire—that is if I have time to give it, and I will be most happy to make an appointment with any friends anxious to know. Suffice it for me to say I was brought up not by Godly parents but by moral parents. A mother whom I love next to my wife as far as women are concerned. A father with a heart as large as a man's heart could well nigh be, and no greater joy would it be to me to-night than to know that he was saved. My mother was not saved when I got saved, God used me in the salvation of her soul. I grew up as a great many young men grow up, caring nothing for my soul's salvation until I went to the S. A. one night, and I went again, and again, and again. I went to laugh but remained to pray, and I got saved and I knew it. I took my collegiate course in the Salvation Army and attained my degree, though there are some people I have no doubt who feel they could very well fill my position. Perhaps you could, I do not say you could not do so, but somehow or other God has placed me here, and

I AM GOING TO STICK

until God takes me away, and I do not know but what I may stay 90 years, but there is one thing certain, I am prepared to go or stay at the command of those who are placed over me, and I am prepared to go and make no complaint about it. I am a soldier, a soldier straight up and down, and if I knew there was any part of me that had not a soldier's spirit in it I would get it in to-night.

My work that God gave me to do in the Old Country lives to-day. Scores are standing, many are around the Great White Throne. God brought myself and my wife here five years ago. God brought me here, and it was with great fear and trembling I came. After a long term as field officer I was sent to Wales, and after laboring there for two years I received word that I was wanted to come to Canada. I told you it was with great trembling I took hold of the work God gave me to do in this country and in my weakness I looked up to God and said, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and as I speak to you to-night the voice of God spoke to me and said, "I am sufficient for them," and I put my back up against the Lord and I came, and I want to pay a tribute to the dear man who was in charge of the work when I came—I mean Brigadier Wass who now holds a command in the States and who I had the pleasure of seeing a few days ago in New York and who, no doubt, will be in our midst to help us with some salvation meetings very soon.—(Volley)—and I want also to say that

BRIGADIER WASS WAS GLAD

to welcome me and counted it no affliction, and one of the greatest trials of my life was when I had to take out from my heart one of the best men, one of the most devoted men that has ever stood by me. But God expects from us not the meanest thing but the very best, and God expected it at my hands. The work has gone on since our arrival in this country. Perhaps there are some in this very hall who remember the first march we had five years ago. There were about fifty in it and they sang that grand old song,

"Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching on to war;
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before."

I was in the march to-day and I was gratified beyond measure and gave God all the glory for the strides we had taken and for the crowds we had gathered around us. I do not take any of the praise to myself. Oh, no. I am weak and helpless and undone without God, and I recognize that any good that has been accomplished has been done by God, and I lay all the glory at His blessed feet who saved me then and saves me now. I am glad that I am in the Salvation Army.

THE WORLD WIDE SALVATION ARMY,

not a Canadian, but a world-wide Salvation Army. You know there are a class of people in the world, and I want you to understand that I am not speaking personally here of anybody, but there are a class of people who would like to raise an English and a Canadian cry in the ranks of the Salvation Army, but *you are too late*. Do not forget that. Will you please tell anybody you meet on this line that they are too late in the day to raise that cry. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus." I am glad then that I belong to the world wide Salvation Army, that owns every man as their brother, and Christ Jesus as the Lord of all."

How the devil would like to smooth us down. Would like to make us so that we do not recognise each other as brothers and sisters. It is too late to do that. The spirit of love and unity is increasing, and the chance for this salvation organisation growing are stronger to-day than ever they was before. And then I wish also to say that I believe in a world-wide Salvation Army. It has not yet perfected its organization, but is going on to do it. Oh, says some person, "When I first heard of the Salvation Army, we never heard of the rules." Perhaps not, but you have since, and you have not heard the last of them either. And they say there is no telling what will come next. You are quite right. Get ready for it. It is impossible, and men with any brains know it is impossible to run an organization without rules and regulations. It is all very well to run a mob without it, but to run a proper organisation without it, you cannot. I am well aware that there are some people in the world who can find fault with what we do and with what we say. Would to God they could not. I wish I could say of the Salvation Army that it was perfect. I wish I could do that. But I tell you what I can do, I can and do recognize in them a people who are

GOING ON TO PERFECTION.

We will leave no stone unturned that will make this organization a solid front to drive back the powers of darkness, and bring in the reign of Jesus Christ in men and women's hearts. (Volley.) I thank God for the band of officers I have around me. They say there are 500 ex-officers in the city of Toronto. Of course this is false! Well, I suppose they went out from us because they were not of us, and I have no fault to find with them, if they have gone out and think they can do any good. I challenge any man or any woman in this country to say that I ever hindered or tried to hinder any man from doing legitimate work for God Almighty. I have never had a man come to me yet and say, "Commissioner, I want to leave the Salvation Army," but I have said, "Do you feel the Holy Ghost tells you to leave," and they have said, "Yes," but I have said, "Brother, go as quickly as you can." And I am not such a fool as to stand here to-night and say that God cannot use anybody outside of the Salvation Army, but I do say this, that God cannot use you outside of the path He has called you to.

I say we have a great staff of officers around us—500. I think more than that. We will say 500. And do you know, and I want to tell you this, that I do not know of any more devoted Godly people in the world than the men and women who stand by my side in this great, and grand and noble work, and I want to say straight that if anybody is to have praise, I put it upon the

RANKS OF DEVOTED OFFICERS,

who stand up and down this country on the streets, and in the barracks as well, preaching the glorious Gospel of the Kingdom of God, seeking no reward but a reward at the hands of Him who hath called them to war in His service, men and women who count not their lives dear unto them, but who are prepared to do their best to spread the great and glorious Gospel of the Kingdom of God.

GOD BLESS OUR OFFICERS.

And then our Staff. I have been considering our Staff lately. I had put into my hands about two hours ago, a list of the Canadian Staff, and I find that out of our Staff officers, which number some forty-two, fourteen of them, including myself and my wife, were sent out Staff officers from the Old Country—greenhorns. Everybody looks upon me as a model greenhorn. "Oh, well," they say, "he knows what he is about." Well, I say, I am a little too old for some people. Thirty-eight officers have been raised, converted, sanctified, or promoted in the Dominion of Canada, and do you know that out of that body of Staff officers, I think I state their very heart when I say that they are true, first to their God, secondly to the cause which they have espoused. And then you know people say, "What about the rules of the Salvation Army." Well there is one rule, and it is that we do not allow any smoking or swearing in the Salvation Army, or drinking either.

I tell you, friends, we could have our platforms filled with people if we

WOULD HOB-NOB WITH THE DEVIL,

and go in for feathers and flowers, and such. We could have our platforms crowded everywhere. But I want to impress this upon your hearts to-night, we are starting a movement in a new country, the future of which will, no doubt, be magnificent and great, and it will pay you and I at the commencement to consider what we build upon, and the kind of structure we build, one that will stand in the day of storm and hour of battle. We have just had a little shower. It is a wonder to me that the devil has not given us a shower before, and I thank God the shower has come, and I want to tell you this, that we have stood it grandly, and I have not backslid over it. People have been asking me the question lately, "What are you going to do." I have replied in the words of the Psalmist, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed." Don't I look well? But I want you to take this down in your note books, soldiers, and anybody else who likes, "This last month alone, in the Dominion of Canada, we

HAVE INCREASED OVER ONE THOUSAND

bonafide soldiers who swallowed the rules without any effort." And not only that, but let me give you another wrinkle. I said to an officer in the Statistical Department the other day, "I would like to know how things have been going on this month, for I had been wondering if there had been any increase after all that had been said," and he said to me, "We have already an increase of over 600, and we expect it to be 1,000 before the month closes."

I want to say that I thank God that He has enabled us in the hour of trial and difficulty to stand when our foes have conspired against us, and right through all to go forward in the name of Jesus. There is one word I would like to say for my officers. Now mark this, and it speaks well of them, that it has not been brought to my knowledge that one officer or soldier has been influenced by the reports that have appeared this few weeks past. Whether the motives of those who have written about us and heaped abuse upon us were good or not I will not discuss, one thing is certain, the whole thing has turned out a blessing and we have been enabled to take our proper bearings. Remember nobody knows how much they can stand until the test comes. We have had the test, and hallelujah, we stand firm as a rock.

One thing I would like to say, and I would like to say it with all love and tenderness, that there is no man or woman who has ever left the Salvation Army, but it would cheer my heart to help and bless on their way to God, and usefulness in His service. I know in the recent difficulties that have just passed, they have spoken very kindly of myself, but I won't accept a kindness to myself if they stab my wife at my side. Neither will I accept a kind word for myself if you stab the organization that I love and believe in." Remember,

IN STABBING THE ARMY YOU STAB ME.

In trying to injure the work of God, you injure me, for it has become part and parcel of myself.

And then our General B-o-o-o-o-o-t-h-h. I believe in the General, and the people who do not believe in him do not know him. Perhaps I could best tell the whole thing with these two or three words, "that the people who do not believe in the General, do not know him." They declare he is a despot. They say he makes rules. Who does it? Who does it? It is that man. That General. Now, I want to say that General Booth never puts forward a rule or regulation, but what that rule and regulation is laid before his Staff, and that staff of officers talk over the pro's and con's of these rules, and these rules are never sent forth without the approval of his staff of officers. And General Booth does not say to me, "Commissioner Coombs, because I have issued an order in England, and it is to be carried out there, that you shall carry it out in Canada." No, no, no. He gives Commissioner Coombs an opportunity to adapt that rule and regulation for Canada, if he sees it is in the interest of the Army and God for Canada, and the Commissioner in turn talks that rule over with his staff of officers, and they are passed by the Staff before they are sent forth to the people. This is the sort of law the General has, and those who know him best, love him the most. And while I say with deepest reverence in heart "God save the Queen, and long spare her Most Gracious Majesty," I say with the deepest love and reverence.

"GOD BLESS THE GENERAL,"

and long spare him. (Volley).

And then our property. Now, I say this because I have men in this building who can bear me out in every word I say in this matter. I want to say that I have never gone seeking property as the world goes seeking property, and I have never taken it unless it has been forced upon me. I could show you to-night in this building a great list of papers which have all come in since people have said so much about it, begging us to take property, and gave us our own conditions to take it, and since the little episode, or at least the garbled story went round that I, when a poor man was dying, went with the Army Solicitor and urged him by his dying bed, and besought him to leave his property to the Army. I was away in England or in the Maritime Provinces at the time; but since that little thing was sent forth, in two meetings I have been in, men who were not dying, nor who did not look like dying, said, "I have made up my mind when I die that all my property shall go to the Salvation Army, and if anybody wants advice as to how to dispose of their property, if you will kindly send for me I will give you the best advice I can." (Applause) Any body wishing to know

HOW THE PROPERTY IS HELD

we should be delighted to give the information, especially to those who have given to it. Our solicitors are well known, Messrs. McMichael, Hoskin, & Ogden. They will give you full particulars of it will let you in to the secret of it. Our deed poll is registered in the registry office in Toronto, and can be read by anybody who wants to read it; and if you can show us a better plan, formulate your scheme and I shall be happy to consider it and do the very best I can with it.

And then they say the Army has to pay rent to Headquarters for buildings built by public subscription. Will you please tell me where there is a building built entirely by public subscription? You can think it over, write me, and tell me which one it is. We never look upon a building as being paid for in the ordinary acceptation of the term. We charge rent on buildings that we may build others. It is not for Toronto to say we have a building and it is ours and we paid for it. It is the duty of Toronto to set to and help to put up a building elsewhere.

Our trade. I wish to say in reference to this that we import nothing from England that we can get made at reasonable rates here. The only things we get now is a few books, and the quantity we sell would not warrant us to print them. And then, sending money to the General. Will you please trust me to do that? I want to say this, for twelve months past we have owed to the General, to the International Headquarters, several thousand dollars, and they have been good enough to wait for it, and have never so much as asked us to pay interest for it. If you know of any one who has money to lend on these terms will you please send them along.

And then, I want to say in closing, concerning the officers: Our officers in the Salvation Army

HAVE TO SUFFER HARDSHIPS,

and expect to have them. They do not come for the sake of an easy time. They expect to have it hard. If they do come expecting to have it easy they very soon get out. They know what they come what they are entering for. A man spoke in the mass meeting, complaining of his hardships, etc. Now, I besought him not to come in, I told him he would have to have it hard; he knew it, and he knows it to-night. We do not guarantee you a cent, only your commission. We do not even guarantee your quarters, but we try and get them for you. I want to say this, that no one sends money to keep up a large headquarters, we keep up the large headquarters by our own toil and labor, and the profits of the "War Cry" and uniform pays all expenses of headquarters and gives money to help the war in many ways.

If you look at a Salvation Army officer's work,

APART FROM THE SPIRITUAL SIDE

of it, it is hard enough, but if you reckon God Almighty into it and take Him into account, then I say it is one of the grandest and one of the most glorious lives that anybody can live.

Sick officers, and I want to say this because I know I can say it without being truthfully contradicted. No officer has ever made their wants known to me but what they have received help and succor when they have needed it, and every officer in the Salvation Army has heard me again and again say, "When you are in difficulty let us know and we will come to your help at once." And then, in reference to these matters I would say that any case of any Salvation Army officer who has ever been in it or left it—no, I will come a little closer, any officer who has left the Salvation Army, in Toronto, I am prepared for an investigation of their case before any two Godly, upright men in this city, and if they can prove in any case treatment contrary to righteousness and holiness by the man who stands before you, I am prepared to lay my commission in the hands of General Booth and say, "Send some one who is more competent to lead on the Salvation work here."

I want to say this, too, that a charge has been made that the S. A., at their big meetings, do not seek for souls. This is false, for I have never had a big meeting in my life but what

I have tried to get men and women saved as the first and foremost object; and I do believe that in this meeting to-night we may fully expect to see men and women volunteer for Christ. I have been a little lengthy, and there are still some things I would like to have said to you. I am sorry that I have had to take up the things that I have had to, but I feel it is due to you, and I am prepared to stand by everything I have said to-night in this meeting. I want to

ASK YOU FOR YOUR PRAYERS,

that God will continue to give us victory. My wife and I are only in your midst for one object, and that is the furtherance of God Almighty's kingdom and the spread of the Gospel here. I know not how long my term of office may be. One thing I do know, that while I am here, as far as God shall help me, my life and my all shall be spent absolutely and solely for Him, and I am confident the future will be a triumph if we live with our eye single to the glory of God.

At the close of the Commissioner's address, after reading the articles of marriage, he called upon the bride and bridegroom, Capts. Webb and Hinton, and "under the Army flag" these two were made one. May their lives continue to flow on, fraught with godliness and blessing, and may their future be a bright and glorious one. Entering into the prayer meeting, seven souls quickly wended their way to the front and found that peace that passeth all understanding, making ten for the week. Our hearts bounded with joy as, tired out, we climbed the stairs to our room, but we could only say, "hallelujah!"

CAMPBELLFORD

Opening New Barracks—Enrolment of Soldiers—Great Banquet.

It was my privilege to pay my comrades a visit at the opening of their new barracks with D. O. Marshall. I must say that I was agreeably surprised at the beautiful aspect and size of the town. One of the first things that struck me when nearing the the town from the station was the splendid large mills situated upon the banks of a pretty river, and as I was crossing the splendid bridge I stood still and tried to take in the situation of the place, but on reaching the other side I found that I had only seen a small part of the place, as the beautiful main street with its splendid buildings lay on this side of the river. I soon found the "New Barracks," and several of the soldiers, with the Captain, putting on the finishing touches and arranging the seats for the night meeting. I took a tour of inspection and must say that I think the building is just beautiful in every way, and is also splendidly situated. Great credit is due to all the comrades and officers for the aggressive spirit they have manifested to get this building. They have been fighting in an upstairs room which was not the best situated for the purpose. Nevertheless some blessed conversions have taken place in these old barracks, and the comrades in a sense were loathe to leave as they thought of the blessings they had received from God, but necessity caused them to do their best to get another building and the way was opened by God for them to get one.

Great arrangements were made for the opening. The surrounding corps were with us, and the people gave liberally towards the banquet, which was also a credit to them. Great interest was taken both by soldiers and people.

Just as the soldiers were putting the finishing touches on and arranging the seats for the Saturday night meeting, a backslider from another corps came in to see the building. I asked him if he was saved (not knowing him), and after a little faithful dealing he came to the penitent form. The soldiers prayed in such a way that told me they knew how to pray. He prayed and wept and God came and delivered him. Thus God saved even before the barracks were opened. This was the beginning of the drops before the shower.

The open-air at night was attended by a great crowd, who listened most attentively to the blessed story of salvation; and a good crowd came with us to the inside meeting, which was a most blessed time. Sunday knee-drill we met earlier and marched out 25 strong and had a splendid crowd inside and a proper blood-and-fire time. The meetings all day were times of blessing and power. The testimonies were definite and took effect. The worst man, as he termed himself, in the place, told how he had lived in sin of the worst kind and was the veriest outcast, but would have nothing to do with the S. A.; how he called them a show, but one day he was attracted by the big drum, went to the meeting, was convicted of sin, came to Christ, got saved even from the desire for tobacco, and has been living a good life since. His wife is now saved and they are soldiers in the S. A.

Our friends gave us $80 in the afternoon towards the new barracks, which is only a foretaste of what they are going to do. We were crowded to the doors at night. God took hold of the people. Two came forward and cried for mercy. A dear man who had wandered from God cried with a loud voice for mercy. God came near and lifted the burden and both testified.

The banquet on Monday was a credit to the soldiers and friends in every way. Bro. Davidson lent us his implement warehouse and also helped us to remove the valuable machinery outside. God bless him. A good crowd of soldiers and friends enjoyed the good things. The march with torches and Chinese lanterns was very pretty. A good crowd was in the open-air.

The jubilee inside and the enrolment was splendid, and the people enjoyed it immense, and helped us fairly again with donations for the barracks. The soldiers were on fire and took hold well. Although we had no souls we believe they are coming. After the meeting we had a ten cent supper, thanked God for the good time we had with our comrades, for the souls He had saved, and trusted Him to give us great success in the future, which will be ours if all the comrades are true to God and live out what they profess, and I have every reason to believe they will.

I must say that Capt. and Mrs. Campbell have a good hold of the place, and seem to be doing what they can to extend the Kingdom. I am sure God will bless their labors and give them souls. I was kindly entertained with the D. O. at our friend's house, which is known, I believe, as the Army stopping place. They will in nowise lose their reward. I left Campbellford favorably impressed that a great work will be done in the future, and hundreds shall yet praise God for the great S. A. Amen.

MAJOR GLOVER,
Field Secretary.

Another Rescue

An Awful Experience

'Twas while conducting a meeting in our barracks at P——, a young man arose in the audience and gave his experience. I will try to give it in his own words as near as possible, and I trust it will be a warning to others. He spoke as follows:—

"I thank God the railway trains missed connection, thus giving me the privilege of being here to your meeting to-night. I picked up a newspaper in Liverpool and read as follows: 'If so and so will return home his father will be glad to receive and forgive him.' I knew it meant me, as I had ran away from home and college, and had got into bad society; and my father, knowing that I had deserted him and ran away from home, had inserted this advertisement in the paper in hope of finding his wandering boy. But I paid little heed to it, but went on in my wild career until one day, as I was with some companions, we were on a spree. We were going along the street, when some singing attracted our attention from a building. We went in, and found it was Moody and Sankey holding their revival services. While there I heard Mr. Moody speaking of a mother's love. It seemed to melt me right down, as I thought of the loved ones at home, and the tears commenced to trickle down my cheeks, and not being able to stand it any longer, I picked up my hat, turned to my chums, and said, 'Come on, boys, let us get out of here.' After spreeing around for a considerable length of time, we proceeded to the station, myself and a companion who lived a few miles distant. Before he boarded the train, I asked him, 'Where shall we go to-morrow?' and he answered, 'Oh, anywhere, *to hell if you like*.' So he boarded the train and went to his home, I promising to meet him at the station the next morning. I went to the station to meet him. After waiting around for quite a length of time, I came to the conclusion that the train had been delayed for some reason, as it did not arrive. I became anxious to know, so I asked a man what was wrong with the 9.30 train, and he told me that there had been an accident, and the baggage car would be along in twenty minutes bearing the dead and wounded. I waited till the train arrived and then sprang on board to look for my comrade. I passed through the car where the wounded were, but could find no trace of him; so one of the train hands, seeing how perplexed I was, asked me my trouble. I told him, and taking me into the next car he turned down a sheet, and there I beheld the stiffened form of my comrade. *To hell!* Oh, how the words rang in my ears! After leaving orders with them what to do with his body, I jumped into a cab. 'Where shall I drive you to?' says the cabby. 'To Moody and Sankey's meetings,' was my reply. Arriving there, I pushed my way to the front, and got up and told my story, mentioning my comrade's name, and as I did so I heard an awful scream. It was the young man's mother, who had heard nothing of the sad accident till then. I then fell on my knees and cried unto God for mercy. I received forgiveness and that night I started for home. As I approached the house I could see my father's shadow on the window blind, as he sat at the piano playing, 'Where is my wandering boy to-night?' He received me with open arms. I then went back to college and received flying honors, but my health gave way and I had to travel. After passing through Europe I came to America, but got cold in my soul. I attended a Salvation meeting at M—— to criticise. There God restored unto me the joy of His full salvation, and I am now travelling from place to place preaching the everlasting gospel of Christ Jesus."

PICKED UP ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

A Captain said recently:—"Though all the Army breaks up I will remain and be the S. A. myself."

* * *

Would you believe it—that in a certain town where there are two corps, one has knee-drill every Sunday morning at 7 and the other has none, and at half-past 8 the officers were still in bed, the heat being during the day 90 degrees in the shade. Was the Captain sick? Surely the Lieutenant or Cadet were not. Can it be wondered at people being sick when they cultivate such habits of laying in bed? They must feel as though they are carrying the bed about with them the rest of the day.

* * *

Lieut. S—— of B—— went on the 24th May to the Fair Grounds, where games and sports were being held, to sell "War Crys." The admission was 25c at the gate. She could not pay, so the man said, "Well, I guess we'll let her in," and she went in and sold 40c worth of "Crys."

* * *

A man seeking salvation the other night, after getting saved, prayed for the Army all around the world. A brother who never got to knee-drill prayed the Lord to wake him up. He got up about 5 a.m., got all his work done, was in time for the knee-drill, and stopped for holiness meeting. Visiting at the hospital, Detroit, I spoke to a young woman who was wasting away in sickness. She said her father was so strict he would never allow her to go to the S. A. She said it seemed hard to die so young, and seemed glad that I had spoken to her.

* * *

One brother was shown he ought to wear uniform in a very simple way. While marching, just about nightfall, one of the other soldiers stood on a street corner waiting for the march as we came along, and having his badge and S. S. on, this one in the ranks saw that he was a Salvationist. Even though he could not see him well enough to know who he was, he saw what he was by the uniform he had on. Just then the Spirit says, "You ought to be like that, a living witness in dress as well as conversation." He immediately obeyed and now has a red guernsey on. Hallelujah!

* * *

One sister, who seemingly did not understand much about a penitent form, got her knees where her head ought to be. However, she got there just the same. "Pride goeth before a fall," so she came down.

* * *

I am real glad to see that the band boys know how to take hold of God, pray, and testify and believe in spiritual music, playing their instruments for God. Lord, keep us on this line. Amen.

* * *

We had a prayer meeting between the afternoon and night meeting, which was blessed by God, and seven lasses were led to consecrate themselves to God, and promised Him to have no more connection with bustledom, but go in for the uniform. This is as it ought to be. Isn't it glorious to get rid of this burden! I guess it is. A tree looks better without knots and a Christian looks better when they get rid of the humps and out of the dumps.

* * *

Dear War Cry,—Just a few lines to you from a miserable backslider to ask you for your prayers that I may be brought back to God again. I had the love of God in my heart once, but through neglect of prayer I have fallen into sin again, and would ask you to pray for me that I may be in the S. A. again, as they were the happiest days I ever spent in my life. —N. B. C.

* * *

In talking with a farmer while working, he said to me, "If you had been here last year while I was plowing this field, you would have heard me cursing and swearing, but now I can plow it without swearing once." Praise God, he has been saved in the Army. Salvation changes a man.

* * *

When I was walking over the soft ground, yesterday, sowing, I thought it was hard work, but I felt if I could just sow the spiritual seed as fast, I would soon have this world flowing with salvation. Thank God for the amount that we are sowing.

* * *

"Friends, God has been good to me. He has saved me from a lot. You know what I used to be, but I am saved now. I guess I have drunk enough of whiskey to scald forty hogs (laughter), but God has taken all the desire for whiskey away, and I mean to live for Him the rest of my life."

* * *

FROM ONE OF OUR HALLELUJAH BUILDERS.—I know you are always glad to hear from your comrades, no matter in what part of the fight. The S. A. barracks are getting entirely renovated. The people come in very often and point out to me the place where they used to plead with God. I feel proud to think I have the privilege to reconstruct it to be used as a battle-ground for our Lord. The Captain, God bless him, is a good worker. He cooks all our food, beside working at the barracks. I remind him, when he is covered with dust, that God is preparing a mansion for us. The Irish Lieut. works well, knocking off mortar, etc., beside being a good little preacher. I must say a word about my boys. Dear old F—— is coming out of his shell. He is well saved, thank God, and not ashamed to tell people. Mother B——'s boy is getting into the ranks, marching, etc. We are having grand times here. The marches and meetings yesterday did my soul good.—F. S. R.

A WORD FROM INDIA

SUSIE COPP SPEAKS

South India, Palamcottah,
April 13th, 1908.

MY DEAR COMMISSIONER,—I thought to-day that I would write a few lines to let you know how I have been getting along since I left the shores of Canada. You will have seen the account of our trip in the "War Cry," so that I need not say anything about it, except that through every storm and trial I proved that God's grace was sufficient.

I was only in Bombay between two and three weeks, when orders came for Trichinopoly, South India. That is a large town of about 70,000 inhabitants. The Salvation Army has three corps there, and we are having the victory. While I was there our barracks were burned down, so we had to fight in the open air; but we had good crowds, who listened attentively to the message of salvation. Some got saved, and I believe when the barracks is replaced there will be a great ingathering of souls.

I farewelled there the beginning of March, and with a number of others came here on the Hill, to open fire on the town, which has a population of about 17,000 and is about fifty miles from Cape Comorin, the extreme southern point of India.

I cannot describe the opening services. As we marched through the streets crowds followed us. When we arrived at the barracks we found it full, and hundreds had to leave without a chance of hearing the truth of this blessed salvation. Inside we had the best of order, while one of our officers explained our mode of working and object in coming here.

A native gentleman told me that never before had he seen as large a crowd gathered together to hear the word of God. Captain Muthabarmam, the native girl who was in Canada, is in charge. She has two native lieutenants. I am also assisting and studying the language. We are getting along nicely; good crowds, good attention, and best of all, precious souls are being saved, some of them nominal Christians, and some Hindoos, all volunteers. A large number of Hindoos attend our meetings. I am believing to see hundreds of them give up their idolatry and serve the living God. Just now they are having one of their religious festivals. While writing the above a number of them marched quite near our quarters, playing their music and dancing, apparently enjoying themselves. All of a sudden the scene changed, and fighting took the place of marching and music. I could see them beating each other in a terrible manner. After it was all over some of them passed by, the blood flowing freely from wounds in their heads and faces. Oh, for more Holy Ghost men and women who will prove by their lives that Jesus can and does deliver from all sin. I am sure this is all this people need (and nothing else will do) to bring them to the true light. You who have heard Major Miss Blair's address while he was in Canada, know the true state of India and its need at the present time. I love the natives, my very soul goes out for their salvation. I feel quite at home and get along very well with the habits and customs of the people. Wearing a chuddah, sitting and sleeping on the floor, eating with my fingers, cleaning my teeth with my finger and some charcoal, and some other little things, have been very trifling difficulties to me. God has so wonderfully helped me; but to see so many in sin and darkness, and not be able to talk to them for want of a knowledge of the language, this has often made my heart ache; but even in this, I feel confident of victory through Him who has led me here.

The weather is now very warm. I sent not go out between 10 and 5 p.m. I am quite well in body, and have never felt better in my life, and I know I have to be very near and positive to my soul. I feel quite satisfied that I am just where God wants me. I love the fight more than ever. I must now close until some future time. Pray much for India's salvation.

Yours at the cross,

CAPT. DYVE ESSAKIM.
(Susie G. Copp.)

AUSTRALASIA.

Review of the State of Affairs.

Work Accomplished—Census—"Cry" Statistics—Field Slate—Parliamentary Help—Training Home.

Commissioner Howard has just published a little brochure, entitled, "All About the Money," in which, besides giving the last year's financial statements, he places before the public of the Australasian colonies a pithy resume of the wonderful growth of Army work in the Antipodes.

The fact that twenty thousand men and women sought salvation last year is a proof that our Southern comrades are alive to their duties. The Commissioner adds that "The Army has on its Colonial rolls over fourteen thousand soldiers, in addition to the tens of thousands of those who, while not actually enrolled, may be regarded as adherents, seeing that the Army barracks have become a spiritual home to them."

The work has advanced with such rapid strides, it was found absolutely necessary to institute a Training Home to supply the field with its great demand for officers. A suitable place was purchased, over $9000 subscribed, and within a few months a 100 young men had passed through a course of training; 80 of these are

NOW IN THE FIELD PUSHING ON THE WAR.

The following figures show the practical and systematic training our Colonials are receiving:

The work of the year:—106 Cadets have entered the Training Home during the year. Out of that number 13 have returned home for various causes; 3 have resigned after being in the Field, 4 are acting as Scribes; 62 are in the field at the present time, of whom 8 are Captains, and 60 Lieutenants, and 20 are in the Training Home.

LECTURES, &c.—108 Lectures have been given; 588 Bible Lessons; 54 Lessons on the "Doctrines" of the Salvation Army; 107 Lessons on Composition and Dictation; 78 Lessons on Corps Financial Accounts; 82 Readings from the Field Officers' "Orders and Regulations;" 10 Singing Lessons, and 21 Lessons on various other subjects.

Besides this indoor work, the following field operations have taken place in connection with the training of Cadets:—26 special afternoon bombardments in different parts of Melbourne; 2,872 hours spent in house-to-house visitation; 6,836 homes visited; and 1,280 homes in which the Cadets were allowed to offer prayer for the inmates; 51 persons professed to find salvation in their own homes during this house-to-house visitation. (Scene are only dates to-day.) 27,961 "War Crys" sold in the streets of Melbourne by the Cadets.

The practical endorsement by the Victorian Government of the Prison-Gate and Rescue Work is proof of the good done by these branches of our work. The report says:—

"The Victorian Government still continues its grant $5000 towards the Prison-Gate and Rescue Work, and in other Colonies, whilst no direct grant is given, special privileges are extended to our

OFFICERS ENGAGED IN THE WORK,

and facilities for visitation of jails, &c., are given to us."

Not the least of the years' achievements is that of an attempt to wipe off a debt of nearly $16,000. An appeal from the Commissioner obtained a magnificent response of $11,225.

"Efficiency for the health and comfort of the masses of poor corps is not the least marked of the virtues of our Australian exchequer. $6,860 having been expended for such efforts, poor corps and officers rushing or walking cheaply."

A hearty response was made during Self-Denial Week, and $5000 sent to this country to help to save the heathen. South New Zealand leads the list with $970, and it is worthy of note that the Rescue Department contributed $50.

It is most gratifying to read of the success of the Colonial "Crys." 95,000 is the weekly circulation, and considering the scattered populations among which the 14,000 soldiers labor, it is far away in advance of anything we have yet done in England. A holiness magazine has also a circulation of 16,000.

Two legacies helped to swell the funds. One was left by an aged sailor, "who came to the Salvation Army meetings, got saved, and has gone home to glory."

Trade profits for the year are over £7000, the "Crys" being credited with $15,000 of the amount, and 588 Auxiliaries assist with money and influence in the various colonies.

We will close this brief summary of the many phases of the work, by stating the Australasian Field state in December, 1908:—

No. of Corps and Gamps		222
" Outposts		558
" Training Home		1
" Training Depot		1
" Rescue Shelters' Homes ...		3
" Prison-Gate Brigade Homes		5
" Trade Depots		5
" Printing Establishments ...		2
" Buildings in use, being our own—		
(1) Freehold ...	51	
(2) Leasehold ...	6—	57
Total No. of Stations, Outposts, Homes, &c., where our operations are carried on throughout the Colonies		656
Total No. of Officers engaged in the Colonial Work		789

TO GOD BE ALL THE GLORY!

HELPS FOR HARD TIMES.

These hard times are sure to produce Elijah's raven experience, and why not? Is not the Lord the God of modern Elijahs? God's best servants are often brought into great straits; but when our door's shut God's door opens. Many rich Christians are driven from the river to the brook, but Divine help always follows the last bite and sup. If God does not bring help, He sends it. To be God-like is to be a giver, a feeder of the poor and needy. Bich Ahabs would like to starve God's Elijahs, but God lends His keys to Elijahs for to shut and unbolt Heaven. When kings turn into roughs, then God hides His prophets, and when God hides us He feeds us. God is best to us in hard times. Perhaps Elijah's two meals came from Ahab's table. If we will use the Word God sends His ravens to fetch the food. "Tis useless saying we can't afford to give, God knows what we have to spare. The brook had not much, but it gave its last drop to Elijah. The widow's few chips were used to bake Elijah a cake. Did she lose by giving her last bit of food to the prophet? Nay, givers are always gainers. The meal barrel of benevolence never wastes. The oil cruse of charity never fails. The widow believed in Elijah's "Fear not!" and "What have we to fear?" God knows where we are, and we know where He is. Is not the prophet-feeder our provider?

Why should we despair? Are not food, drink, and clothing promised? If God is going to let His children want, of what use are the promises? If there be ten million Elijahs God has got bread and flesh enough for all. If He now feeds and cruse filler? Twice a day Elijah was well fed, with ready cooked food, and lived rent free. Still, as in the case of Elijah, circumstances may compel us to remove. We may be sent from the ravens and brook to some poor widow's house. But will God be with us there? Is it not based on God-ed hospitality, ravens and widows? Cakes grow large, and God's meal barrel lasts. Elijah could not pull the last handful of the widow's meal. We take out the (God-ed) meal, and it grows. Elijah's God's Bible gets a long way and last long time. We can never get to the bottom of God's barrel. God feeds millions of Elijahs. He has larger birds than ravens; He has grow into mountains; His seed into trees. His drops into seas. His straw-pillars hold up the golden grain for the harvest to ripen. God's Providence is complex enough what about the ravens? Where are they? Are we God's ravens? Do we take bread and flesh? Do we fly far? In raven work too black-looking for wps. God wants ravens not color. Golden, silver, cash, cheque, or post-office order ravens will do. God sometimes sends Satan's ravens to drop the price of food into the collection box. Worldly generosity is sometimes better than religious stinginess.

DIVISION REPORTS

Eastern Division.

St. John District.

The Devil's Success?

ST. GEORGE.—Though not heard from lately we are still doing what we can to save men and women. We find the devil is hard at work here, and it is remarkable the success he has been having in getting those who should be better employed to do his mean work. While wasting after warning has been given in different ways, and friends and neighbors have been removed from this world unexpectedly, no one seems to heed the call, "Be ye also ready." This may do for time, but the question forces itself upon us, "What about eternity?" We've made up our minds to do our utmost in God's strength to convince them. CAPT. HOBBITTS.

Down With the Devil.

INDIANTOWN.—We have had a real good week. Good crowds, good meetings, and, thank God, we have seen some results of our labor. The devil is properly mad (a good sign). The truth cuts, and a woman remarked going out the other night that we did nothing but ridicule. (People get what they come for generally). "Rube" said he was glad Jesus had saved him, and instead of rolling around the corner drunk, he was able to look anybody in the face. "The wicked flesh when no man pursueth him." A republican" dodged into a door on Sunday morning while we, in the open-air, were singing up the evil of drink. "Hast made him afraid?" We're after the devil and shall have the victory. ALEX. TOST & CO.

ST. JOHN NO. I.—He knelt a poor drunkard, but arose a redeemed soul, giving a bright testimony to the fact that Christ accepted Him. "Out again, boys. We have another go at the devil in the open-air," came from the Captain's lips. A few moments later was heard the melodious strains of the St. John "Brass," followed by some scores of lads and lassies brave, en route at 6.30 p.m. for the square. Upon our arrival a ring is formed, with the "Conquering Son of God" in tones of instrumental and vocal power. A few seconds later, the crowd is immense. Nearly three thousand of all classes, grades and genders, surround us. This throng brought to our minds "the ascension into the sycamore tree, by Little Zacchaus that he might see the crowd passing so great, see Jesus." The crowd grows larger, and

upon the hyper-not traffic, etc., is suspended, and the power S. A. is compelled to abandon that chosen for that one in question, or say rather, the devil before us. Singing, firing truth were cast before the people. Another march is now in order, so away we go. Hallelujah! Glory! Amen! "I've a Friend, I'm told, I've ever near," resounds harmoniously. Away we go, returning at last at 10.10 p.m. to barracks. On Thursday we repeated our "Multitarious Jeopardy testing." The reading examinations from the War Cry were grand. It was described that Professor AIR was as ignorant as any of us. Frank did fine in the "Critic" song, as did Sam in his chorus, "If death and sin." The crowning of the meeting, however, was the reading from "All the World," by Capt. Beffe, which brought many to tears. God is working, Christ is saving. We close the week gloriously saved, with seven in the fountain. Hallelujah!

CAPT. FRE JEWER.

Yarmouth District.

FREEPORT.—Thank God the past week has been a week of victory. The people are very careless and indifferent about their souls. We mean to do all we can to bring them to Jesus. Meetings all day on Sunday; in the evening one came to Jesus and got blessedly saved. Hallelujah! CAPT. MCLEAN.

LAWRENCETOWN.—We are still going on to victory. Good crowds; grand meetings; and the result since last report eight souls in the fountain. A mighty wave of salvation is passing over this place. Victory is sure. We are blessedly saved. CAPT. TOM HUSSEY.

They Got Punished.

WATERVILLE.—We are glad to let you know we are gaining ground on the enemy since we last reported. We have been getting the victory in every way. We have since revived some in meeting and splendid order. The people will give us a chance now to tell what God has done for us. Soldiers are getting a better spirit, learning to bear persecution for Christ's sake. Souls are coming for pardon. We were compelled to keep some out for misconduct, and we are very glad to say some of them have cried for mercy. Yesterday (Sunday) was a blessed day all through; good meetings; great conviction rested on the people, and two returned home to their Father's house, and He received them joyfully. Glory to His name! We are still working and believing. Amen. LIEUT. B. BRENNER.

KENTVILLE.—Old Puff-and-Blow (devil) gets mad every time. Although he rages and calls us soft, etc., we have got, and go like the little ant going into the ark who said to the elephant "who are you shoving?" and march along unheeding. Quite an interest working up in the open air, and souls are coming to the cross. Two prisoners and one backslider last week. Praise God.

"THE HALLELUJAH TAILOR."

BEAR RIVER.—"Steadily forward, march!" is the motto of Bear River Royals, and onward we are going. One soul captured for the week. God has all the glory and we go to win others. CAPT. CALLOW.

A Real Beulah Land.

WESTPORT.—Thank God we are able to report victory through the blood this morning. Hallelujah! In our last report we told you we had saved one drunk. Well, we are able to say we have received 15. Fire a volley! The dear, kind friends here did help us nobly to pay for it. God bless them! Amen. Oh, by the way, we must tell you we have been made the present of a beautiful snare drum, so you see God is good to us here. In Westport we give Him all the glory, and march on believing for greater things in the future. Amen. CAPT. M. WILSON.

Halifax District.

No Cowards Wanted!

OXFORD.—Hallelujah! Another week has rolled away, and here we are pegging away at the "old devil." We cannot report souls this week, but God is giving us the victory, and things have got pretty hot for the old chap, and he has to take a back seat. The Saviour wants no cowards in the Army of the Lord. We mean to let the people of this place see that the enemy can't move us, for we are on the "solid rock", Christ Jesus. God is our refuge. "Victory or death" is the Oxford warriors' motto. Amen.

HAMILTON AND MAGOR.

Doubtful People.

WINDSOR.—Bless God we are still saved, and though the devil is getting mad as ever there is lots of time, there are a good number pretty doubtful about it, and are almost persuaded to come to Jesus. We are determined not to give in. Our open-air meetings are good, large crowds stand and listen to the good news. So many are house cleaning and some told us they would have to attend to that whatever occurs (even though it were death). The God of this world is blinding so many people, our hearts ache for them, but we go on working, praying, and believing, casting our bread upon the waters and feel confident the reaping time will come soon. We close the week without much visible work. But thank God we are growing in our own souls, hallelujah!

CAPT. A. V. FALMER.

NEW GLASGOW.

"Oh! 'tis wonderful, wonderful,
The story of His love."

Such are the lines of our latest song, and God has been helping us to tell the old, yet, ever new story of Christ's wonderful love to the people here. Yesterday (Sunday) we went in with all our power that a definite work might be done for God, and from the first note at knee-drill, until the "praise God song" at night, victory was ours. Marches are swelling and were grand, meetings blessed with power, and 8 precious souls came to the cross, hallelujah! "God has the glory."

CAPT. CONNERY.

STELLARTON.—Yes the announcements had been made, food etc., asked for, and the time came when things were already. This was to be a coffee supper and jubilee at Stellarton. A goodly number came to the supper, and many were the remarks that it was a grand spread, and I doubt not, but that all present did good service to the same, anyway we managed to get on the march after it, which was attractive with flags of all kinds, corner playing, drum beating, and some good singing, the inside doings was also good led by Capt. Connolt. Lieut. Dyas an old friend of the Corps, people, helped the meeting, soldiers and converts gave good testimonies of the satisfaction God gives, this with Capt. Wheeler and her hallelujah Bishop, and the playing of cornet and organ by Capt. Connolt, proved a helpful spiritual time. After the 10 cent supper was over we all repaired to our homes, giving God the glory.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Newfoundland Division

From the Banks.

GRAND BANK.—Blessed be God who gives us the victory. God has not only been keeping us saved, but His saving power has reached others since our last report, and they are rejoicing in their newly-found Saviour. Our meetings good, though attendance small, owing to so many having gone away. Last Sunday we had some of our soldiers in from the Banks, and they seemed so glad to get a chance to tell of God's keeping power, even on the banks of Newfoundland. We mean to march on to conquer the world for God.

CAPT. L. PIDGEON.

A Good Addition.

BIRD ISLAND COVE.—(Bonavista Outpost.) Glory be to God forever! This past week has been one of victory. Tuesday night one soul. Wednesday night soldiers and converts meeting, or giving up-of-tobacco-time. Thursday night Capt. led the meeting, and ten souls Friday (being Good Friday). We march out 50 strong, an addition of 45 since we took charge. Six souls at night. Sunday we march out again, 57 in ranks; meetings good all day, but no souls; lots of conviction, which will, we believe, end in the salvation of many souls. To God be all the glory. LIEUT. J. BOWERING.

The Prejudice Gone.

VICTORIA, B.C.—Just finished a four days' campaign and have given the city a good waking up. The Major, Adjutant, and all the officers of the district have been and gone. Much prejudice has been effectually swept away and the way cleared for the onward march of the glorious Salvation Army. Praise God! The Holy Ghost was doing a deep work in our meetings Sunday and the visible result was two boys returning to the fold. Glory to God.

CAPT. J. ASHTON.

Not Dead but Dying.

MINNEDOSA.—We feel this is the condition of everybody we come in contact with, so we have proclaimed a Saviour who can take away the sting of death and enable them to shout victory. Praise God one lad decided for God during the past week. CAPT. ARCHER.

More Holy Ghost.

MOOSE JAW.—We have not much to report about this morning. We closed another week without souls. Although some are convicted they have not decided to come. Some of our comrades need more of the Holy Ghost; we believe when there is more holy living there will be more come to Jesus, sinners are looking for a reality. May God help us to be real or terrible will the judgment be for the hypocrite.

LIEUT. S. FOSTER.

The Shanty Man Saved.

RAPID CITY.—Two men saved since last report, one a traveller stopping three over Sunday. In the afternoon he could be seen with a number of others standing on the platform of the Windsor watching a few lads coming down the road singing. This was the Army. He had never seen them before. As they drew near, telling of what God had done for them, he took off his hat and listened, then followed to the hall, where he got down and asked God to save him. He went on his way the child of a King. The other, once a shanty man very much given to swearing, says he never prayed until a few weeks ago, but has given himself up to God and enjoys a blessed peace. Glory be to God! On we go. LIEUT. MCGILL.

A Terrible Grip.

BRANDON.—The soldiers of the Brandon corps are determined to have victory. Since last report one soul has been snatched from the terrible grip of the devil. Our meetings during the past week have been good, the power of God has been manifested in convicting the people of their sins. Sunday, meetings grand, the power of God came upon us as we warned the people to flee from the wrath to come. The order of the day was, first a march at 6.30: oh, how that march routed the devil! Did you like it do you ask? I should think not. He had to take a back seat the first thing. Meeting inside, times of blessing. Father K—— was there as usual, and so filled with the love of God that he shook all over, and with tears streaming down his face all he could say was, "I'm on the way to heaven." CAPT. O. GAGE.

Sharp Engagements.

ST. JOHNS NO I.—Well, we are still after the enemy and having some real warm engagements. Our King gives us power to fight, and, thank God, this week we captured an old enemy whose hair was white. Our God gets all the glory, and we follow on determined to win at all costs.

CAPT. COLLIER.

ST. JOHN'S NO. II.—We are still steadily pressing forward toward the prize. God is with us and fights for us. Sinners are turning to Jesus. We are rejoicing. Hallelujah. CAPT. COLLINS.

Western Division.

Still Loved and Liked.

MORDEN—Yes, they still appreciate the S. A. Who, the Mordan people? Why, I should think it would be getting stale by this time. Well, I should say not; they are having something new all the time. You never know what they are going to do next. So if you don't want to miss anything you had better come along and see for yourself. We are keeping well saved, having large crowds, good attention, deep conviction, and believing for a big break in the devil's ranks soon.

CADET M. J. GORDON.

Hell's Jaws.

OALGARY.—Another march forward and one soul plucked from the jaws of hell. God is still keeping all who commit their souls to his care. They say, "Nothing ventured nothing gained," and many times are the Satan in the burning voice of God in the meetings and the enemy says they could not keep saved, and they say, "Amen, Mr. Devil," and go on in misery rather than venture out on the promise of God, but Christ our King shall conquer still. CAPT. WILL.

Victory.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—This morning finds us rejoicing in God as our strength and our salvation, praise His holy name. Four souls sought and found the Saviour, to the satisfaction of their souls. Prevailing prayer and mighty faith in God brings victory. Our meetings have been beautiful this last week, we all indeed felt the power of God in our presence, also good crowds. Hallelujah!

CADET M. GRAHAM.

True Seal Fishers.

GREENSPOND.—We have been having a series of welcome home meetings during the past two weeks. "Our lads" have returned from the seal fishery. God has been very merciful, and has brought them all safely home, and better still, the soldiers and converts have all been true. Hallelujah! Although we cannot report souls since last report, we are not discouraged, but are keeping up the warfare, and the constant firing must bring down some of the enemy ere long-bye-bye. We are still believing for victory.

CAPT. ANNA E. FEY.

A Great Smash.

LITTLE BAY.—Hallelujah! We are still having the victory over sin and the devil. This past week we can rejoice in seeing six precious souls saved. We are still praying for a great smash down in this place before we leave. Amen.

CAPT. A. BALDWIN.

Coming Events

— THE —

COMMISSIONER

— WILL VISIT —

CHATHAM.....June 8, 9, 10
NIAGARA ..... " 15.
(Opening of New Barracks.)
ST. CATHARINES ..... " 16
KINGSTON ..... " 17
(Great Farewell of Col. and Mrs. Dowdle.)

The grand H. Q. Staff Band will accompany the Commissioner at Niagara and St. Catharines.

Great Farewell Meetings

— OF —

COL. & MRS. DOWDLE

— AT —

KINGSTON.

Sat., Sun & Mon., June 15, 16, 17.

COMMISSIONER

— AND —

MR. GOODERHAM

will take part on the Monday. If possible Mr. Gooderham will be present on Saturday and Sunday. Great times expected.

TRAINING HOME DIVISION.

5—Days' Big Meetings at—5

OTTAWA

LED BY

MAJOR MARGETTS.

Saturday and Sunday, June 12th and 16th. Great Salvation Meetings at Ottawa I.
Monday, June 17th, Salvation Meeting at Ottawa II.
Tuesday, June 18th, Special Soldiers' Meeting at Ottawa I.
Wednesday, June 19th, Banquet at New Edinburgh.

"Old Saints' Soiree."

A company of Old Saints will visit

ARTHUR St,	Monday,	June 10
LISGAR St.	Wednesday,	" 12
TEMPLE	Thursday,	" 13
CENTRE St	Monday,	" 24
YORKVILLE	Wednesday,	" 26
RIVERSIDE	Thursday,	" 27

The Staff Band will be in Attendance.

MAJOR MARGETTS will lead.

GREAT MEMORIAL SERVICE,

of Lieut. Churchill, will be held in

THE TEMPLE

Sunday night, June 9th, led by MAJOR MARGETTS.

— THE —

WELSH MINSTREL

and his Happy Family will visit the following places in the Toronto Division:—

OWEN SOUND,	Sat. & Sun.,	June 8, 9
PLESSERTON,	Monday,	" 10
SHELBURNE,	Tuesday,	" 11
BRAMPTON,	Wednesday,	" 12
TORONTO,	Thurs. & Fri.,	" 13,14
WHITBY,	Sat. & Sun.,	" 15,16
OSHAWA,	Monday,	" 17
NEWCASTLE,	Tuesday,	" 18
TYRONE,	Wednesday	" 19
HAMPTON,	Thursday,	" 20
SOLINA,	Friday,	" 21
BOWMANVILLE,	Sat. & Sun.,	" 22,23
COURTICE,	Monday,	" 24
BROOKLIN,	Tuesday,	" 25
UXBRIDGE,	Wednesday,	" 26
SUTTON,	Thursday,	" 27
MT ALBERT,	Friday,	" 28
STOUFFVILLE,	Saturday,	" 29
UNIONVILLE,	Sunday,	" 30
RICHMOND HILL,	Monday,	July 1

NOTE: We are not Superstitious, but are quite sure that the biggest Luck you can Strike if you are unsaved, is to get Saved either before or at these Camp Meetings.

FOR GOD AND SOULS.

Col. Dowdle and Wife

— WILL VISIT —

BELLEVILLE,	May 31 to June 6	
NAPANEE,	June 7 " " 14	
KINGSTON,	" 15, 16 and 17	

(Great Farewell Meetings.)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

DRUNKARD'S HOME.

A friend, per Mr. Gooderham, $5; Gaolgh friends per Brig.-Capt. Goodall, $1.00; a friend, Gaolgh; Lizzie Bailey, $1; Mr. Lloyds, lemons; Mr. Lloyds, bread; Mr. Robinson, miscellaneous; Mr. Taylor, glass; Mrs. Bills, meat; Mr. Harris, meat; Mr. Zurbrest, meat, watercress; Mr. Harris, meat, potatoes; Mr. Webster, onions, parsnips; Mr. Cullock, St. Patrick's Market, meat; Mr. Dwyer, St. Patrick's Market, meat; Mr. Scotch, bread; Mr. Dancy, Church St., meat.

Any amount of

HELMETS

at Headquarters. Only 50 cts. each.

NOTE.

ADJUTANT EVANS' address now is, Box 658, Woodstock, Ont.

PRAY FOR THE SICK.

A friend of the Army's, in Toronto, desires the prayers of all comrades for her dear wife who is very sick.

The May Number of

"ALL THE WORLD"

Is a Real Treat.

"Friend and Foe should Read it."

Just Arrived.

Brass Band Music Books for all instruments containing eighty-eight of the most popular tunes in general use, both for in door meetings and open-air work. Price, 25 cents each.

NOTICE TO BANDSMEN

WANTED!

Bandsmen who are good instrumentalists, to Volunteer for service in a Permanent Brass Band for the Household Troops. We are anxious to raise a good permanent Brass Band (similar to that led by Staff-Capt. Appleby), to travel through the towns and villages of the Dominion, and do duty in the special demonstrations. Also to conduct, under an experienced Staff-Officer, weekly and fortnightly Special Campaigns, for the Salvation of Souls. No pay will be given. Any thoroughly converted bandsman who would like to devote himself altogether to the Salvation of Souls, should apply at once to the COMMISSIONER, marking his letter "H.T.B." outside.

Let every applicant say what instrument they can play, and if they can provide a uniform or $12 to get one.

Notice to Colored People.

WANTED, a Band of Colored Men and Women who can sing and play Instruments, to be formed into a Musical Brigade. No Salary given. Any thoroughly converted person, who would like to devote him or herself altogether to the Salvation of Souls, should apply at once to the COMMISSIONER, Salvation Temple.

In applying please state what part you sing, as well as the instrument you play.

"The Holy Ghost"

Don't fail to get a Copy of the Pamphlet by

MRS. BOOTH

— OF —

"THE HOLY GHOST."

PRICE 3 CENTS.

IMPORTANT CHANGE

— IN —

TRADE REGULATION

FOR OFFICERS.

From this date all orders for goods from Headquarters, will require to be accompanied by cash. In cases where goods are to be sent by post, cash to cover the postage of same must be sent on the following scale:—

Goods value $1.00	-	Postage 10 cts
" 0.75	-	" 8 "
" 0.50	-	" 6 "
" 0.40	-	" 5 "
" 0.25 and under	-	" 3 "

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

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